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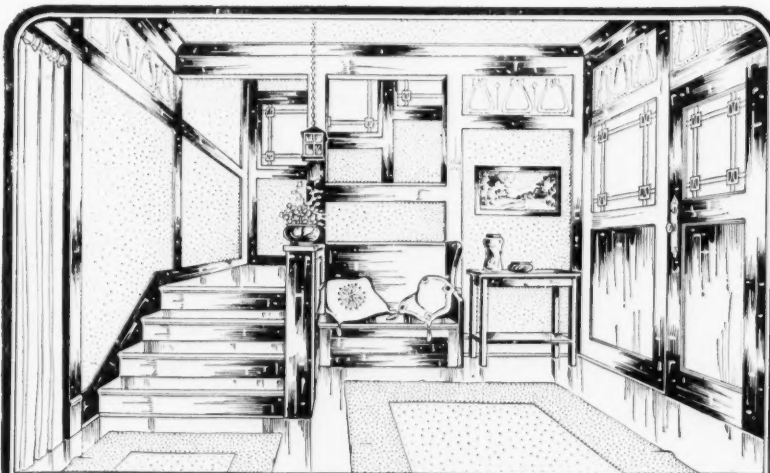
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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 21

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1917

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More Fantastic Peace Talk

By William Marion Reedy

WHILE war is more poignantly upon us, while the preparations are making for the registration precedent to conscription, while divisions are marshaling for the field in Flanders, while hospital units are sailing every few days for the scene of military operations, while the congress seems determined to establish drastic censorship and to tax many magazines and newspapers out of existence, while government control of food and other supplies is being organized, while every industry is in an agony of anticipation either of limitation of profits or heavy taxation or both—it is true nevertheless that there are still in progress tentative negotiations for peace.

Not only is there something in the hints that are given out from time to time of a separate peace with Russia, but there are being put forth feelers for an arrangement between the Teutonic powers and the Entente allies. The Russian government *pro tem* appears to be stabilized, and while the men in power are not radical Tolstoyans, they do seem to stand by the proposition that there must be no war for annexation. It is even hinted that Vienna is willing to concede to Russia the establishment of an integral nation in Poland and the freedom of the Dardanelles. That Germany is willing to go as far as Austria-Hungary is hardly conceivable. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that Austria-Hungary has discovered that the chief result of the war thus far is that her great ally has completely dominated that country. Germans control the army. Germans are in charge of the whole organization of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and they have secured supremacy in Bulgaria, Rumania and Serbia. The Germans have swallowed Francis Joseph's realm and all beyond it to the east. Unless Germany can be defeated on the western front the dream of a Middle Europe from Antwerp to the Persian gulf is accomplished. If Austria-Hungary sticks to her partner, she is wiped out, or at least absorbed into a German hegemony. So it is that there is reason to believe that Austria-Hungary is willing to make concessions to Russia to save herself. This the Associated Press has recently discovered, though it had been pointed out as a fact accomplished, long before the publication of Dr. Neumann's book "*Mittel Europa*." Therefore we may well believe the rumors of friction between the governments of the two great Teutonic empires. Austria-Hungary is justified in fearing Russia less than Germany and in seeking to make terms on her own account.

What is going on in Germany is not quite clear. One gathers the impression that there has been a subsidence of the talk of revolution. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg talks like a man with the situation well in hand, with a grip upon the junkers as well as upon the radicals and moderates. Promises of electoral reform after the war seem to have been accepted as made in good faith. The German people still seem to think that the submarine campaign is going to bring England to her knees, though the figures concerning the sinking of enemy ships, as we get them, indicate a falling off in submarine efficiency. News about the crops and other supplies in Germany is conflicting, but the Teutons on the Hindenburg line are not short of ammunition, and even the English papers have ceased to declare that the German people are on the verge of starvation. The signs of Germany's weakening are not convin-

ing. Entente victories are reported daily, but the rate of advance is slow and the main German line still holds. The withdrawal of the German army is being conducted in a masterful manner, but it is a withdrawal. How matters stand between Germany and Russia we can only guess. An informal truce seems to exist between the armies of the two nations. The Russian army is disorganized, we are told, but if so, why do the Germans not attack it and smash it? That would seem to be the thing to do, rather than take the chances on a reorganization under a Russian government that knows its own mind. The German chancellor has said very little about Russia other than that Germany is willing to meet her upon reasonable terms. The best evidence that Germany and Russia are getting dangerously friendly is found in the attitude of the French and British commissions toward this country. They want the United States in because Russia is likely to drop out.

The most remarkable thing though about the situation is the renewal of talk in certain quarters about an early attempt to see if Germany cannot obtain a statement of better terms of peace from Great Britain and France. There's a hint of this in the latest issue of the *New Republic*, which has had recently the inside track on the outlining of conditions as viewed from Washington. The theory is that, as matters go now, the war is simply a process of annihilation of both sides, a fight to exhaustion that may cause the collapse of civilization. Therefore it is said that the President should try to get Great Britain and France to formulate terms that would enable Germany to save her face. Just how this is to be done is not clear. Nothing in the situation gives hope that Great Britain will restore Germany's colonies. Peace without reparation to Belgium and France is conceivable only as a result of German victory. Yet there are Englishmen of note who are urging that the President get Balfour and Viviani, or rather their governments, to make it easy for Germany to meet terms. They say that if they do not do this British junkerdom may yield a peace even more disastrous than Germany may propose, to stave off democracy in Great Britain. The logic of this sort of thing is not very clear. What there is of it is based on the hopelessness of checking the submarines and upon the conviction that Germany is supplied for at least a three-year if not a five-year war. Those who urge this attempt at peace proceed on the assumption that Woodrow Wilson is a peace man at heart and will go a long way to bring about a peace otherwise than by war. To my thinking, these people forget that Woodrow Wilson is a Calvinist who fights, when he fights, predestinatedly as a victor.

I may say that there is support of this peace suggestion, too, among all the pro-Germans here who have lately turned pacifists. They assume that Germany cannot be beaten save at a most horrible cost. Do we want the war to go to the extreme of the Germans slaughtering their Russian and other prisoners? The Hindenburg line cannot be broken. The submarines are masters of the situation. But the Germans will be generous. Why not give them a chance to show their magnanimity? The answer is that they showed it in Belgium, and that their own feelers for peace offered no more concessions than did the answer of the Entente. That there is a peace movement of this kind now being directed against President Wilson is a fact. Some of its leaders says it should succeed, because while we have declared war upon Germany she has not declared war upon us. The answer is that she made war without declaring.

This peace talk, taken all in all, should not much

concern us. I cite it because it is a feature of the general situation that the daily press has not presented. The war is on and it is not likely to come to an end otherwise than through the strangling of Germany. For there are signs that Spain, Norway, Sweden and even little Holland, under provocation of the submarine warfare, are about to join the Entente. The President is out to make democracy safe on this planet. He and the country behind him are not to be put off by a compromise peace. He will not repeat the performance in the pursuit of Villa into Mexico. So we had all best begin to tighten our belts, prepare to pay taxes at every turn, and get ready for any service we may be called upon to render. And everybody should buy as many bonds as he can.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Irish Home Rule Convention

A CONVENTION representative of the different factions in Ireland is to be held for the purpose of forming a programme or constitution for autonomous government of that country. Ulsterites, Nationalists and Sinn Feiners are to be called to participate. What are the prospects of an agreement? I wish I could say they are good. But they are not. For the Ulsterites are irreconcilable. They stand for Orangeism as against Roman Catholicism, for industrialism against agriculturalism. Ulster has the business. It has the money power. It has the control of profitable relations with the remainder of the empire. If Ulsterites go into a convention they will be no more yielding as a minority than they were when Parliament passed the home rule bill. They were able to hold up home rule then, and for so doing they were honored by the appointment of Carson to the cabinet. They bluffed the government and defied the army. They have experienced no change of heart. They will go into the convention strong in the conviction that, as the premier says, "the coercion of Ulster is inconceivable." This implies that the coercion of Munster, Leinster and Connaught is not inconceivable. The government didn't coerce Ulster when the army was corrupted by Orange intrigue and the Curragh troops said they would not act against the army of the covenant. But the government coerced southern Ireland and shot the Dublin insurrection to pieces. The government has closed practically every Irish port but Belfast. Ulster will go into the convention, if at all, only upon the basis of having its own way, which is the maintenance of the Union and Ulsterite industrial and commercial supremacy. There has not come from any conspicuous Ulsterman an utterance concerning the proposed convention that indicates the slightest spirit of compromise or accommodation. If Ulster be voted down in the convention Ulster will in all probability bolt, as we say in this country, and when she bolts any coercion of her will be "inconceivable." On the other hand, the Sinn Feiners are as irreconcilable as the Ulsterites. They are for themselves alone. They want Ireland an independent republic, not a part of the British empire. They want to take Ireland's case to the peace conference after the war. There is no spirit of compromise in them. It may be said that the Sinn Feiners are few. I do not know how few they are, but there are more of them than there were before the Dublin insurrection was suppressed. They have elected men to Parliament since then in Nationalist strongholds. A great deal of the Nationalist following has gone over to Sinn Fein. The Nationalists lost their grip by the splendid gesture of John Redmond in supporting the war on the day of its declaration. The government repaid that loyalty by putting Ulsterite Carson in the cabinet. The government suppressed the Nationalist volunteers. Nationalist loyalty was repaid by the establishment of martial law in southern Ireland, just as Orange gun-running was winked at before the war while Dublin gun-running was punished by the fusillade in Bachelor's Walk. The Na-

tionalists in the commons stood by the government in the war, but all their influence was unequal to the task of inducing mercy for the men who were executed for their part in the Easter uprising. Pearse was shot for setting up the Irish republic. Carson was given a place in the government for organizing the covenant to resist the government's attempt to establish home rule. All these things have weakened the Nationalists to a very great degree. The people of Ireland, or many of them, think that the Nationalists are politicians who care more for their places in the commons than they do for Ireland. Of course, the Nationalists have an organization, but the masses seem to be in revolt against the organization and more than merely sympathetic to Sinn Fein. In the coming convention the Nationalists will be at a disadvantage between the Ulsterites and the Sinn Feiners. The chances of agreement upon any programme by all factions are poor, unless it may be that some representative Irishmen from Canada and Australia enforce upon the minds of all factions that they must agree or forfeit all support from the Irish beyond the seas. An independent Irish republic would be ideal, but the Empire cannot grant it in the present circumstances. An Ireland half home rule and half Unionist would not be a pacified Ireland. An Ireland self-governed under the empire would appear to be the only practicable solution—an Ireland organized about as was contemplated under the postponed home rule law. But if Sinn Fein is as strong as we have been led lately to believe, that influence will stand out as strongly against Redmondite home rule as well the delegation from Ulster. The king tried to reconcile the Irish factions about two weeks before the outbreak of the war. He could do nothing. Superloyal Ulster would not listen to him. Carson was greater than George V. He held all the trumps not only against the king but against Redmond, Asquith and Lloyd-George. He holds all the trumps yet, for Premier Lloyd-George has said that "coercion of Ulster is inconceivable." If Ulster doesn't want home rule and Sinn Fein won't have it, the chance of Ireland getting it is very small indeed—unless the Irish overseas tell the Irish at home to get together or forfeit any further support for the cause. The best hope for Ireland, then, I repeat, lies not in a convention called from among inflamed and rancorous factions, but in the bringing to bear upon the delegates to that convention the calmer feeling, the more judicious opinion of Irishmen in Canada, Australia and the United States concerning the problem of home rule.

♦♦

The Best Tax Overtaxed

THE government's tax measure will tap every form of industry and service. The one thing it does not tax is the wealth created by all and appropriated by a few—the increment of land value. The war will increase all land value and to pay for the war the government should take that increase. No individual makes it. No individual should take it. Everybody's activities make it. It should be taken for the benefit of all. There is talk of confiscating wealth here and there. The only wealth that can be rightfully confiscated is this unearned increment. And if it were all taken, the war could be paid for without taxing any industry, corporation or income other than that.

♦♦

The D. A. V. G.

WE have been told so much about German efficiency that we are prepared to believe it capable of anything. But a recently printed story concerning the manner in which even the dead of the battlefields are exploited taxes our credulity to the utmost. First the tale was told in a Belgian paper now published at Leyden, in Holland. Now we see it quoted from the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* as a piece of war correspondence from the Western front, by Herr Karl Rosner. Thus: "We pass through Evergnicourt. There is a dull smell in the air, as if life were being burnt. We are passing the great Corpse Exploitation Establishment (*Kadaververwertungsanstalt*) of this Army Group. The fat that is won here is turned

into lubricating oils, and everything else is ground down in the bones-mill into a powder, which is used for mixing with pigs' food and as manure." The London *Times* says that this is "the first definite German admission concerning the way in which the Germans used dead bodies," and then it reproduces in translation the narrative of *La Belgique*, "omitting some of the most repulsive details." Early in the war it was known and published in the United States that the Germans stripped their dead behind the firing line, fastened them into bundles of three or four bodies with iron wire, and then dispatched these grisly bundles to the rear. The trains laden with the dead were sent to Seraing, near Liège, and a point north of Brussels, where were refuse consumers. Latterly this traffic has proceeded in the direction of Gerolstein, and it was noted that on each wagon was written 'D. A. V. G.' meaning the *Deutsche Abfall-Verwertungsgesellschaft*, or the German Offal Utilization Company (Limited), a dividend-earning company with a capital of £250,000, the chief factory of which has been constructed 1,000 yards from the railway connecting St. Vith, near the Belgian frontier, with Gerolstein, in the lonely, little-frequented Eifel district, southwest of Coblenz.

This factory deals especially with the dead from the Western front. If the results are as good as the company hopes, another will be established to deal with corpses on the East front. The factory is invisible from the railway. It is placed deep in forest country, with a specially thick growth of trees about it. Live wires surround it. A special double track leads to it. The works are about 700 feet long and 110 feet broad, and the railway runs completely round them. In the northwest corner of the works the discharge of the trains takes place. Then comes the description of the elaborate process of putting the dead to use. The trains arrive full of naked bodies, which are unloaded by the workers who live at the works. The men wear oilskin overalls and masks with mica eye-pieces. They are equipped with long hooked poles, and push the bundles of bodies to an endless chain, which picks them up with big hooks, attached at intervals of two feet. The bodies are transported on this endless chain into a long, narrow compartment, where they pass through a bath which disinfects them. They then go through a drying chamber, and finally are automatically carried into a digester or great cauldron, in which they are dropped by an apparatus which detaches them from the chain. In the digester they remain from six to eight hours, and are treated by steam, which breaks them up while they are slowly stirred by machinery. From this treatment result several products. The fats are broken up into stearine, a form of tallow, and oils, which require to be redistilled before they can be used. The process of distillation is carried out by boiling the oil with carbonate of soda, and some part of the by-products resulting from this is used by German soapmakers. The oil distillery and refinery lie in the southeastern corner of the works. The refined oil is sent out in small casks like those used for petroleum, and is of a yellowish-brown color. The fumes are exhausted from the building by electric fans, and are sucked through a great pipe to the northeastern corner, where they are condensed and the refuse resulting is discharged into a sewer. There is no high chimney, as the boiler furnaces are supplied with air by electric fans. There is a laboratory and in charge of the works is a chief chemist with two assistants and 78 men. All the employees are soldiers and are attached to the 8th Army Corps. There is a sanatorium by the works, and under no pretext is any man permitted to leave them. They are guarded as prisoners at their appalling work. Perhaps it is enough to say about all this that it is at least a well-imagined detail of the German efficiency myth, and that it is well to remember that it comes to us by way of the press of Germany's enemies.

♦♦

The First of Its Kind

A MUSICAL event which will be a historic mark in the cultural as well as civic advancement of

St. Louis, is the coming presentation of "Aida" at the great open air theater in Forest Park. The opera will be sung on the evening of June 5 and will be the chief entertainment event of the big Ad Men's Convention, which will then be in the city.

The significant thing about this is that the singing of "Aida" will dedicate the first permanent municipal theater in America. For be it known, that the audience on this occasion will gather in a great out-door auditorium that will seat 10,000 people, the construction of which is of such a character that it will become the theater of many more similar outdoor entertainments. It was through the co-operation of the Grand Opera Committee, the City of St. Louis as represented by Mayor Kiel and Park Commissioner Cunliff and the Convention Board of the Advertising Club that this event has been made possible. With Guy Golterman as the guiding spirit of the combination, the complex organization has been perfected. Nor are the cultural and civic meanings the only elements of this undertaking. Artistically considered, the presentation is intended as an event in St. Louis, which has been charged with a disposition to be something of a slacker in artistic appreciation. Marie Rappold, Francesca Peralta, Cyrus Van Gordon, Margaret Jarman, Manuel Salazar, Forest Lamont, Virgilio Lazzari, Carl Cochems, Louis Kreidler, Thomas Chalmers and Constantin Nicolay are named among the principals who will sing the opera, with Fulgenzio Guerrieri as director. But "Aida" is an opera which, as is well known, makes extraordinary demands on the principal singers, yet at the same time appeals to the eye. It is really grand in its spectacular pomp and parade and its use of an enormous ballet and its chorus divided into many strange ethnic groups. A big chorus and ballet are now being drilled in this city by Mme. Zanini Bonfiglio, formerly of the Boston and Chicago Opera Company; this feature is expected to supply the gorgeousness and great mass effects conceived by Verdi when he wrote the opera in celebration of the opening of the Suez canal.

It will be a discharge of a civic duty with a reward of personal artistic satisfaction to be present at this dedication. It will be a fine way to entertain the visiting ad men, is an accomplishment of which the city may well be proud and will be an artistic triumph. That is a combination of values which may well be impressive.



The Ad Men's Convention

If there is any body of men designed to make people sit up and take notice, it is the ad men. That is their business. These publicity agents are to meet here in national convention the first week in June. They are all people who are inclined to make a noise. They believe in letting people know they are "on the map." They advertise themselves and they advertise that particular part of the "map" on which they happen to be at the time. This means that through the meeting of the national convention of ad men here in June this city will achieve a national publicity that will be of benefit. The thing for the city to do is to rise to the occasion. It has been giving too little attention to some of the conventions that have met here. It is safe to say that the Ad Men's Convention will insist on being noticed, and as the advantage of St. Louis runs concurrently with its natural disposition to be hospitable, when its hospitality is once appealed to, the convention should mark an event in the year 1917 for St. Louis.



The Right of Capture

A PLAINTIFF of forty years and womankind, in a recent breach of promise case soon to come before the courts, reasserts, in courtship, the woman's "right of capture." That it is a fact, Bernard Shaw will not dispute. Darwin has shown in his study of birds and beasts that it runs through faunal nature. But possibly the lady in this instance has been misled by the eagerness that might accrue to forty years of

life. We cannot dispute the female's "right of capture," but to her are open only certain time-tried ways. The female captures, but it is by flight and not pursuit. She takes the male of her choice, not by assault, but by lure; and the point is that generally he is so simple that he is seduced by the most obvious lure. Darwin observed among birds and beasts that when the female wished to capture the male, she fled from him, and that if she happened to outdistance him, she stopped to give him a chance to catch up. Whatever the details of her method, she was sure to win, because in the art of love-making the female is always far more astute than the male.

Maybe the lady in question, urged by the impulse of those forty years, which one has named "the dangerous age" in woman, has made the mistake of reversing the method and attempting to carry her point by assault. The average male is obtuse. It is easy to catch him by almost any strategy that a woman may choose to adopt, but when the woman shifts attitudes and adopts the method of the man, simple as that man is, he is usually intelligent enough to see that the process of nature has been reversed, and he revolts. I am not saying that such reverse method was the course of the lady who filed the breach of promise suit, but I suspect that her love formula was weak at that or a similar point.



Lynchings

THEY burnt a negro down at Memphis this week. Some of the horror-seekers who got to the place too late were disappointed, in that "they used too much gasoline," the meaning of which is that the culprit died too easily. These tortures of the negro disgrace the South. They have long constituted a state of affairs which with exaggerations, to the European mind carried the conviction that the buffalo is still to be found in the environs of Washington and that the average American wears fringed buckskin and long hair and is infected with the red Indian's theories as to dealing with an enemy. But since 1914, Europe can no longer justly make virtuous comment on the barbarism of America. Thousands of greater barbarisms have been committed within the area of war than America has ever been guilty of in dealing with a problem which in the South exposes its womankind to the primitive lusts of the lawless members of a race which in a measure merits extenuation because it is so young. It naturally has individuals who have not as yet completely emerged from the influences of the African jungle.

Such tragedies as that of Memphis, with its horrors, shocks every American who is civilized, because it is a disgrace to the white man. Every white man should have a greater restraint, better understanding of the civilization of which he is the representative. When he commits a crime like that at Memphis, he not only disgraces himself but his kind. It is difficult to restrain passion when some innocent white girl is outraged or murdered by a black savage, but even in such trying circumstances the white man should not forget that he has a position to maintain, and that a race so young as that of the negro must inevitably have many members who under their skins are still savage.

Such burnings as that at Memphis are supposed to be salutary in the "horrible example" thus held up before the men of survived barbaric tendencies in the black race.

It may be doubted that there is any such effect. The man of primitive instincts does not hesitate because of thought of the possible consequences of his act. He does not stop to think at that time. Of course, such barbarism of the lynchers also lacks thought and the white man that resorts thereto descends to the level of the primitive black man who commits the first crime. The white insists that he is superior to other races. This is due to his power of self-restraint and his sense of order. He abandons that position when he resorts to lynch law. Outside of the headlong passion which incites such barbarous acts, there is a theory that the provision of a "horrible example" is a deterrent. It may be

doubted that this theory is sound. The respect of barbarism for civilization is inspired by the greater orderliness, and methodical certainty of the latter. If civilization abandons its own method to adopt the method of barbarism, how can it impress the latter with its superiority? It is possible that the orderly and remorseless just march of the law would have more effect as a deterrent on undeveloped or under-civilized blacks in the South than all the spectacular and sickening lynchings that have disgraced that part of the country.



Decoration Day

DECORATION DAY in America incorporates a noble sentiment. It has a meaning, an intention to express a great and emotional idea. Its purpose is to accord to the men who fell in the defense of the republic such small token as remains to us an appreciation of their devotion and to testify our remembrance that they have yielded to humanity the last supreme sacrifice that any man can yield. They have died that we may live. And even so the young manhood of America now volunteering for service and being selected through conscription, will some of them, in the mud and blood of France, give likewise the last evidence of devotion that any man can give. They will die that we may live. They will make the sacrifice that "the world may be made safe for democracy."

Decoration Day this year should take on a solemnity it never had before. For the republic is again offering sacrifice on the altar of liberty—perhaps greater sacrifice than was demanded in 1861. Its meaning is that the generation to come will have still other graves to decorate, or will hang wreaths on cenotaphs, for it is sure that many of the boys who will go "to make the world safe for democracy" will lie in unmarked graves in France, whose soil, after our own, comes nearest consecration to their reception.

War is hateful; but men must fight as long as there is militant wrong in the world. So those of 1861 fought to put out of the world an institution then defended but which all men to-day recognize as wrong and cruel. We decorate their graves with flowers in token of our remembrance of the supreme sacrifice each one made for human liberty. In this present great uplift of patriotism, Decoration Day should have a meaning deeper than it has had in almost half a century.



For Buncombe

SENATOR JAMES REED one day recently made a perfervid speech in the senate in which he denounced the whole government theory of food control. Reed wanted to know why it could be possible that a horny-handed son of toil on an eighty-acre farm could not be qualified in food knowledge beyond any mere scientist. From the way the senator talked, one might think that he considered it scandalous that a trained scientist like Secretary of Agriculture Houston would dare attempt to give a farmer points on food production, conservation or distribution when the farmer had had practical experience in planting and plowing corn. This same ossified theory has long existed in the farmer world. It has been concluded that because a man has a little practical experience that the scientist and experimenter could teach him nothing. So rigid was this belief, especially in the rural districts, that the state agricultural colleges languished for almost a generation. The idea that a man who reasoned from experiment and the assembled writings of many thinkers, could teach a man who had planted an eighty-acre farm in corn for thirty consecutive years, and had never given the matter a thought, was preposterous. This is the idea that Mr. Reed adopts—that nothing can be learned from science or experiment, but that the old hit-or-miss method of thoughtless empiricism is still the best. The farmers themselves now know better. The more intelligent are beginning to understand the extraordinary benefits to be derived from the scientific knowledge of the men of the

agricultural colleges. It is hard for some of the elders to abandon the old position of static conservatism. Even when the intelligent young farmer who has been to the agricultural college of the State University raises twice as much corn in an adjoining field, they find it difficult to abandon the idea that their fathers knew all that it was possible to know concerning agriculture. It is to this bone-headed contingent that Reed appeals in his opposition to the President and to Secretary Houston. It is no compliment to the farmers of the state—this theory of his that the farmers, unorganized and without leadership, will be able to deal better with the food situation in a time of war scarcity than could any scientific and centralized authority.

We have had too much of this sort of "bunk" from the Missouri delegation in congress. From the attitude of the men who imagine they represent this state in the national body, the balance of the country must think we Missourians are all supporters of *Kultur* and the Kaiser.

♦♦♦♦

Selling St. Louis

By G. Prather Knapp

IF it be true that the final qualifications for success in life are satisfaction with what you *have*, and dissatisfaction with what you *are*, we inhabitants of the fourth city certainly need a course in success.

We are inclined to be timid, unassuming, apologetic, even deprecatory as to what we have, but we are profoundly and blatantly satisfied with what we are.

It is our favorite and oft-reiterated judgment that St. Louisans combine—listen to it again, please—the brainy conservatism of the East, the indomitable energy of the North, the expansive vision of the West and the benign hospitality of the South.

We never tire of patting ourselves on the back about what lovely people we are. We never feel that any discussion of us properly represents us unless it brings in that delightfully modest little geographical epigram repeated for the seven millionth time above.

The writer remembers being asked to prepare a booklet for distribution among convention visitors by the old Business Men's League. He prepared the booklet and (with an eye to startling originality) devoted himself entirely to a discussion of what St. Louis has, thinking that perhaps for once in a way, St. Louisans might let their guests discover for themselves what wonderful creatures St. Louisans are.

The committee of the League to whom the matter was submitted were only moderate in their approval. It was a good thing, they said, but they missed something. Some note, they felt, was lacking that should be struck in any symphony of this city's attractions to the visitor.

Just what it was, they were at first unable to say. Could the writer perhaps suggest what he had omitted?

The writer could, but he preserved the silence of the damned, hoping against hope that the committee might be too busy or not sufficiently perspicuous to find the trouble for themselves. Vain hope. They found it.

In the last paragraph of the booklet, as a sort of high card kicker, and general *résumé* of the entire argument, they inserted this gem of modesty and originality:

"You will like St. Louis and the friendly spirit and cordial neighborliness of St. Louis people. The culture of the East, the energy of the North, the hospitality of the South, the vision of the West—these are all embodied and blended," etc.

They inserted this tasteful little vaunt and, as the event proved, they were right in inserting it. Among the St. Louis readers of the booklet (and I am not sure that any other people ever got a chance to read it)—that paragraph was the bright particular star and reason for being of the entire performance. They could not praise it sufficiently and one or two of them who had advertisements to write, speeches to prepare or letters to dictate, used regularly to call the writer up and ask for the exact wording of the splendid little tribute to St. Louis as a convention city which closed his booklet.

St. Louisans are satisfied with themselves. Are they justified in it I wonder?

Perhaps they *have* that rare combination of strictly sectional virtues alluded to above but have they none of the strictly sectional faults?

Would it perhaps be altogether out of place to say that they have the bloodless timidity of the East? the blue-nosed stinginess of the North? the raw inculture of the West? the prideful nigger-laziness of the South?

Let him who ever tried to start a new enterprise among them answer for them as Easterners. Let him who ever tried to sell them goods discuss them as Northerners. Let symphony orchestras and artists' guilds and little playhouses and social clubs describe them as Westerners. Let real estate men, haberdashers, tailors, employers and Chambers of Commerce tell you the sort of Southerners they are.

As for me, I am one of them, and my forefathers back of me for anywhere from three to nine generations. I am going to admit that St. Louisans are models for all the rest of America—they all agree with me and "no doubt but they are the people."

All I wish to call attention to is the out-of-placeness of this satisfaction with themselves among people who are (or, what is worse, who let other people think they are) not at all exultant in the things they have.

When a New Yorker boasts of money, does a St. Louisan remind him that most of Bigville-on-the-Hudson's money is subject to sight draft by cities like St. Louis? That St. Louis is the only city to have both a Federal Reserve Bank and a Federal Land Bank? That St. Louis' bank clearings in 1916 were greater by six hundred million dollars than those of Detroit and Cleveland combined?

When a Chicagoan prates of business, does a St. Louisan mention the fact that since 1907 this town's total sales have grown as fast or faster than Chicago's?

When a Detroitier talks of automobiles, does a St. Louisan remind him that our shoe output—a necessity, mind you, and not a barometer of boom times—that our shoe output would buy all Detroit's machines?

When a Cleveland shouter boasts his city government, does a St. Louisan give him the facts about our low taxes, our unsurpassed school system, our cleaner streets, our twenty-miles-for-a-nickel street cars, our new charter?

When a Los Angeles fanatic grows purple in the face over his climate, does a St. Louisan soothe him with comparisons of infant mortality and death rate, with comments on our freedom from fogs, our blessed changes of season and our ability to go through almost any 24 hours without changing from ear-laps to seersuckers and back again?

Do we hit the New Yorker with low cost of living, the Chicagoan with weather and morality, the Bostonian with opportunities, the Detroitier with solidity, the Los Angeleno with homes, the Philadelphian with amusements, the Kansas Cityan with size, the Clevelander with economy?

And when outsiders knock us—on the principle that any can is good enough for the tail that tries to hide itself—do we rise up on our hind legs and make them show us?

"The cities," says Kipling, "are full of pride, chal-

lenging each to each." Whom and what and when do St. Louisans challenge?

And if not, why not?

O. Henry wrote a story once called "The Voice of the City." He opened it by cataloguing what different cities say in this fashion: "Chicago says, 'I will;' Boston says, 'I should;' New Orleans says, 'I did;' St. Louis says, 'Excuse me.'"

"Excuse me!" Was ever truth more plain, or painful? O. Henry had no special reason for knocking St. Louis, just as he had no special reason for sparing our feelings. He simply recorded his observations—and they call him the keenest and most kind-hearted observer of modern times.

It seems to be proved that St. Louisans are dissatisfied with what they have. Are there any foundations in fact for this dissatisfaction?

What sort of a place is St. Louis after all?

For purposes of study, comparison and contrast you may look at a big city as any one of four things.

Putting them alliteratively, a big city is (1) A Crowd, (2) A Cross Roads, (3) A Corporation, and (4) A Climate.

What sort of a crowd, cross-roads, corporation and climate is St. Louis?

In St. Louis proper are 850,000 people, but that figure is very far from a true statement of the case. Residential St. Louis goes miles beyond its western corporate limits; manufacturing, stock yard and railroad St. Louis covers northwestern St. Clair county and southwestern Madison county, Illinois. By New York, Chicago or Los Angeles measurement and barring the accident of a state line, St. Louis covers 260 square miles, with well over a million inhabitants.

So much for the quantity of the crowd. How about the quality of its component parts? Naturally they are what *Mr. Venus* would call "human warious," but one or two things may be said in general.

St. Louis people are home-bodies, who do not move often from one neighborhood to another and who are liberal buyers of the staple comforts and luxuries of home life. They are not hard to sell in the first place, but *are* hard to lose as customers if they believe in you and your goods.

They are proverbially "easy to get in with." In society, wealthy climbers have been said to come first to St. Louis and then to go "properly introduced" to New York. In business, St. Louis is wonderfully kind to the new man. So kind in fact that most of her big commercial and financial plums have been picked by "little Jack Horners" from other cities and her own young men sometimes complain that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country—especially if he happens to be born in St. Louis. So much for the Crowd.

As a cross-roads, St. Louis is the center of centers. To-day she is almost equi-distant from the center of population of the United States in Indiana and its geographical center in Kansas, and a few decades will see the population center actually at St. Louis unless the tendencies of a hundred years are reversed in the meanwhile.

All around St. Louis within a radius of 200 miles are other centers—the corn center, the cattle center, the hog center, the horse center, the wheat center, the oat center, the center of farm production. Most of these centers are in Missouri and the others are in adjoining states.

The territory around St. Louis is all land, all highly fertile land, all well populated land. Within a day's ride are forty million prosperous producers and generous consumers. They are farmers, cattle breeders, oil men, timber men—people worth while having for customers. Close-knit, industrial communities with their thousands of poor and illiterate laborers are few and far between. Iowa people own more automobiles than those of any other state in the union, Kansans come next and Missourians, Oklahomans and Illinoisans are not far behind.

These tributary St. Louisans are the bone and brain of the American people. To them from St. Louis run twenty-six railroads—the Santa Fe will make twenty-seven—and the St. Louis merchant car

give them quicker average deliveries at lower average freight, express or parcel post rates than the merchant of any other large city.

The St. Louis manufacturer has equal facilities for the assembly of raw materials, economic purchase of fuel and ready access to labor supply.

A location in the St. Louis district means coal from the Illinois fields, electric energy from the Mississippi, water at as low as five cents per hundred cubic feet, switching and terminal facilities handled by a central organization with high efficiency at low cost.

As to labor, there are to-day 150,000 workers in the St. Louis district and in diversity of occupation they are ahead of any equally large body of people on earth.

They make shoes, street cars, beer, chemicals, millinery, tobacco products, crackers, stoves, hats, clothing, sewer pipe, carpets, coffins and a thousand other things.

In all of the lines mentioned and many others, St. Louis leads the world and in any line—however skilled or numerous the operatives required—St. Louis can take care of the new manufacturer's demand without disturbing her labor supply.

Here is a Cross-roads worth having for your home, your workshop, your warehouse or your salesroom.

As a corporation, St. Louis will collect less from you in taxes and give you more civic service for the money than most of the large cities you could name.

The tax rate per \$100 of actual assessed valuation is \$1.57—lower than that of New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh or Buffalo and only four cents higher than Cleveland.

The city's bonded debt per \$1,000 of actual assessed valuation is lower than that of any large city of the union, with one exception.

The city is governed under a new charter drawn up after several years of study and expert advice by a board of fifty manufacturers, merchants and corporation lawyers and almost unanimously approved by the people in 1914.

St. Louis is a free city—the only one in the United States that is not in a county. There is none of the overlapping of city and county offices which complicates and increases the cost of government in other large cities.

The municipal waterworks with a capacity of 100,000,000 gallons per day, clarify and filter every drop of water used throughout the city and rates to manufacturers, as previously mentioned, are as low as 5 cents per hundred cubic feet.

Within the city's sixty-one square miles of area are 862 miles of paved streets and alleys and 347 miles of surface car track, besides 112 miles which extend into the suburbs.

Public schools are admittedly the best—physically and mentally—in America. There are 120 of them and nearly 100,000 boys and girls attend them.

There are fifty-one public parks, with a total of 2,764 acres, and, under the auspices of the park department, St. Louis has a system of public playgrounds, golf links, tennis courts, swimming pools, and recreation facilities which is well ahead of similar things in any other city, bar none.

The public library, with its great central building down town and its numerous branches, is pronounced by experts the best-equipped in America.

Washington University is starred by Baedeker as the most complete and modern group of educational buildings in the United States.

Any reason why a man should not live and raise his children in St. Louis is a reason why he should eschew big cities altogether and hie him back to the farm.

St. Louis is a clean city beyond anything that seemed possible, until recently, for a community using soft coal in most of its factories and homes. An adequate smoke abatement ordinance, vigorously enforced, has done wonders. Practically every plant has improved boilers and up-to-date systems of

firing, and the smoke nuisance—once thought inseparable from industrial prosperity in a soft coal region—is largely a thing of the past.

Add to this the large and long-seated German element—carrying out their German maxim that "paint is the only article you buy for nothing"—and you have what tries to make (and very nearly does make) St. Louis a "spotless town."

And the climate?

Hot, sometimes, in summer, but no hotter than it gets in Minneapolis, Chicago or Detroit and far pleasanter during a torrid spell.

Lake and marine cities are stewing torture-pits when the mercury passes ninety. Their humidity is high and grows higher as the day advances. Their air of a hot night is dead and stagnant. They report more heat prostrations every summer than does St. Louis.

St. Louis stands on open hills—high above the Mississippi and fanned by southwest breezes that come over 300 miles of Ozark mountains.

No spot on earth will show you such queen's weather as St. Louis from April to July and from September to Christmas. An October day in the Meramec hills (within an hour's trolley ride of St. Louis) is—well, they may have something better on Mars, but this planet has no climate that can surpass it. Winters are short—Christmas to Easter—but quite cold enough for skating, ski-ing and other winter sports.

St. Louis really has *weather*—not what Chesterton calls "the alternate hells of heat and cold" of some parts of America, and not the dead-level monotony of some far-vaunted, western Meccas; but *weather*—warm sunshine and soft snowfall, wine-colored October and pale green April, glorious Fourth and white Christmas, with all the fifty-seven intermediate varieties between.

The city's surroundings are of infinitely various attraction for the motorist, the golfer, the hunter, the fisherman, the motor boat—or canoe enthusiast, the outdoor man or woman, whatever he or she may fancy. The Meramec is the best canoeing stream in America; St. Louis county has voted a \$3,000,000 bond issue for roads, there are a dozen golf clubs, seven large boat clubs, three large athletic clubs—to say nothing of the municipal links, tennis courts, swimming pools and recreation grounds which are open to all the people.

If climate interests you—as a sportsman, a parent or just a plain biper—St. Louis will never disappoint you and never tire you.

So much for St. Louis as a Crowd, a Cross-roads, a Corporation and a Climate. So much for what St. Louisans have. So much for the fact foundations, if any, of their dissatisfaction with it.

Now comes the dilemma. If St. Louisans are rather unduly satisfied with themselves and rather insufficiently satisfied with their city and if both conditions are worth changing, what are we going to do about it?

Answer: Get off our perch.

Change ourselves and make other people change their attitude toward us.

Get a bit *dissatisfied* with what we are and more than a little *satisfied* with what we have.

Change ourselves as far as we can by our own efforts and bring in a lot of brand new St. Louisans to show us how.

Some of us are Eastern. Let them be convinced of the gold-bond safety of St. Louis—the hundred-fold returns the town has always paid the man who had faith in it.

Some of us are Northern. Let them be shamed into loosening up by the sporting spirit of their fellow-citizens. Let strong hands knock aside the pennies they hold so close to their eyes. Let clear signboards point out the dollars they have been too myopic to perceive within their grasp.

Some of us are Western. Let clever writers and cunning draughtsmen and clear-toned singers be so encouraged that their arts will wake the latent beauty-hunger in those savage breasts.

Some of us are Southern. Let's so speed up our civic pace that a lazy man in St. Louis will feel like the burro whose slightly inebriated master tied him accidentally to the rear platform of the California Limited. Let's so urgently, energetically and continually announce our civic progress that only a second Charlie Schwab will be able to be satisfied with his own individual achievements.

Let's stop what Chalmers-Jones calls our everlasting hollering down the rain barrel—where we see only our own smug faces, hear only our own echoing voices and impress only our own self-satisfied selves.

Let's point our faces to the far horizon and raise our voices to the sky.

Naturally, these things will come not by fasting and prayer. If they come at all they will be accomplished through some definite agency by some definite means.

That agency is the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. The means—efficient advertising.

"When through the gates of stress and strain,

Comes forth the vast event—

The simple, sure, sufficing sane

Result of labor spent—

They that have wrought the end unthought

Be neither saint nor sage

But simply men who did the work

For which they drew the wage."

There you have it. We must have the men and the mediums and we can get them. But we shall not get them unless we pay for them.

If we pay nothing we shall get nothing. If we pay little we shall get little.

A publicity appropriation of \$5,000 by a Chamber of Commerce with a \$100,000 income in a city of 850,000 people is simply laughable.

It is enough (and barely enough) to keep the Chamber sold to its own members and perhaps help it get a few new ones.

As far as real resultful advertising of St. Louis goes, it is—all of it—just about enough to pay the salary of the sort of man who would spend it judiciously.

The Chamber of Commerce should spend every year, in advertising itself and St. Louis, not less than \$30,000.

If this sum is not available from the Chamber's general funds it should be raised by 300 subscriptions of \$100 each from public-spirited members.

It could be so raised by a week of intensive effort once a year.

When raised, it should be (subject to the executive and publicity committees, of course) in the hands of an experienced, result-getting advertising and promotion man. His title should be assistant general manager—(not assistant secretary)—of the Chamber, and his salary should be at least 15 per cent on the appropriation he handles, *i. e.*, \$4,500 a year.

In placing the appropriation, he would probably allot:

A—10 per cent or \$3,000 to selling the Chamber to its own members, making them active and keeping them busy.

B—15 per cent or \$4,500 to selling the Chamber of Commerce and St. Louis to St. Louis people—getting new members for the Chamber.

C—75 per cent or \$22,500 to selling St. Louis, first to Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Texas and the Southwest; second to the whole United States; third to the world.

In a general way the mediums used would be:

For A—A live bulletin or house organ, an inspirational letter now and then, a booklet occasionally, and lots of ginger in meetings, etc.

For B—Local newspaper dope—(mostly free, but the ad man would ladle it out)—special booklets once in a while—resultful co-operation with worthy civic stunts like the Pageant, Symphony and the Veiled Prophet, and the origination of new things like a Civic Movie, a community museum, a "know St. Louis" tour and the like.

For C—Newspaper advertisements—(with all the free matter obtainable) in principal dailies throughout our trade territory.

Advertisements of St. Louis in the "Review of Reviews," the "World's Work," "System," "Iron Age" and a few other leading trade journals.

Booklets giving nutshell facts for manufacturers, merchants, convention boards and sight-seers.

Billboards near our railroad gateways, and special welcoming and information service at Union Station.

Convention activities.

A civic moving picture to be shown throughout our territory and elsewhere by arrangement with other Chambers of Commerce.

Etc., etc., etc.

His copy plan would emphasize always these seven points:

1. A central city.
2. A railroad and waterway city.
3. A cheap coal, cheap power, cheap light, low tax, low rent city.
4. A 150,000-worker industrial city with reasonable labor cost.
5. A city efficiently governed, well schooled, well parked, well lighted, well watered, well paved, well policed.
6. A healthy city—not hotter in summer than others of its size.
7. A "live" town.

A man such as I have described would be the right bower and general utility man of the present secretary and general manager—multiplying the latter's effectiveness and freeing him from much hampering detail.

Such a man would make and keep St. Louisans satisfied with what they *have* and dissatisfied with what they *are*.

Such a man is hard, but by no means impossible to find.

The only question is, will we pay enough to get him, and will we support him when he comes?

If we set the trap (and bait it) we need have little fear of catching the bear.



Pride, Prejudice and the Britannica

"Misinforming a Nation." By Willard Huntington Wright. E. W. Huebsch (\$1.25 net).

By Louis Untermeyer

IF Willard Huntington Wright writes four more books he will succeed in making more enemies than any one literary man of his day. Already his multifarious activities coupled with his almost multiple personality have exposed him to attacks from both wings. The conservatives dislike and the extremists distrust him. A revolutionary among the philosophic; a philosopher among the "revolutionists," he takes pot-shots and sometimes fires off a big Bertha at either side with equally deadly effect. This refusal to "stay put" has puzzled his opponents who do not know whether to claim him as an ally or denounce him as an alien. Meanwhile Mr. Wright goes on, loading his literary howitzer with fresh ammunition, assembling his reserves and keeping a wary eye open for all the glib conformers, the snobbishly cultured, the righteously reactionary.

Therefore, following his incisive "Modern Painting" and the even more analytic study on "The Creative Will," this new volume shows Mr. Wright in his favorite rôle of *torcador* (I see I have changed my metaphor. Well, so much the better), only this time his opponent is an institution that is national and almost invulnerable. He attacks the insular snobbery of Great Britain; but it is not the British lion he fights as much as it is (as becomes a *torcador*) the British bull—and he accomplishes his end by taking several hard falls out of "The Encyclopædia Britannica."

Mr. Wright wastes no words in windy preambles. He jumps in the ring with his vorpal blade unsheathed and ready for action. Thus:

"The intellectual colonization of America by England has been going on for generations. Taking advantage of her position built on centuries of aesthetic tradition, England has let pass few op-

portunities to ridicule and disparage our activities in all lines of creative effort and to impress upon us her own assumed cultural superiority. Americans, lacking that sense of security which long-established institutions would give them, have been influenced by the insular judgments of England, and, in an effort to pose as au courant of the achievements of the older world, have adopted in large degree the viewpoint of Great Britain. The result has been that for decades the superstition of England's pre-eminence in the world of art and letters has spread and gained power in this country. Our native snobbery, both social and intellectual, has kept the fires of this superstition well supplied with fuel; and in our slavish imitation of England—the only country in Europe of which we have any intimate knowledge—we have de-Americanized ourselves to such an extent that there has grown up in us a typical British contempt for our native achievements."

This angry demand for an intellectual independence, for a really native development of culture is amplified and emphasized in the succeeding chapters which take up in detail such divisions as "The Novel," "The Drama," "Poetry," "Painting," "Science" and the other arts. Even the most pro-English among us will have to applaud Mr. Wright's defiant declarations. I can imagine the editor of *Poetry* vigorously cheering such a paragraph as the following (from "Colonizing America"):

"Even our educational institutions disseminate the English superstition and neglect the great men of America; for nowhere in the United States will you find the spirit of narrow snobbery so highly developed as in our colleges and universities. Recently an inferior British poet came here, and, for no other reason apparently, save that he was English, he was made a professor in one of our large universities! Certainly his talents did not warrant this appointment, for there are at least a score of American poets who are undeniably superior to this young Englishman. Nor has he shown any evidence of scholarship which should justify the honor paid him. But an Englishman, if he seeks favor, needs little more than proof of his nationality, whereas, an American must give evidence of his worth."

I can almost hear Miss Monroe's accents in those sentences. In fact, I can even recognize her gesture.

Mr. Wright's disclosures are particularly damning in his chapters on "The Novel" and "Music." Let me quote a few passages from the former to illustrate both his method of presentation and the force of his attack:

"Let us first regard the gross discrepancies in space between the biographies of English authors and those of the authors of other nations. To begin with, the number of biographies of English writers in nearly as many as is given all the writers of France and Germany combined. Sir Walter Scott is given no less than thirteen columns, whereas Balzac has only seven columns, Victor Hugo only a little over four columns, and Turgenev only a little over one column. Samuel Richardson is given nearly four columns, Dostoevsky less than two columns, and Daudet only a column and a third! Mrs. Oliphant is given over a column, more space than is allotted to Anatole France, Coppee, or the Goncourts. George Meredith is given six columns, more space than is accorded Flaubert, de Maupassant and Zola put together!"

"Of Jane Austen, to whom is given more space than to either Daudet or Turgenev, we read that 'it is generally agreed by the best critics that Miss Austen has never been approached in her own domain.' What, one wonders, of Balzac's stories of provincial life? Did he, after all not even 'approach' Miss Austen? Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' is 'unanimously accepted as a classic,' and she is given an equal amount of space with Dostoevsky and Flaubert!"

"Samuel Butler is another intellectual English writer who has apparently been sacrificed on the altar of Presbyterian respectability. He is given less than a column, a little more than half the space given the patriotic, tub-thumping Kipling, and less than half the space given Felicia Hemans. Nor is there any criticism of his work. 'The Way of All Flesh' is merely mentioned in the list of his books. Gissing, another highly enlightened English writer, is accorded less space than Jane Porter, only about half the space given Anthony Hope and less space than is drawn by Marie Corelli! There is almost no criticism of his work—a mere record of facts."

"Mrs. M. E. Braddon, however, author of 'The Trail of the Serpent' and 'Lady Audley's Secret,' is criticised in flattering terms. The biography speaks of her 'large and appreciative public,' and apology is made for her by the statement that her works give 'the great body of readers of fiction exactly what they require.' But why an apology is necessary one is unable to say, since 'Aurore Floyd' is 'a novel with a strong affinity to Madame Bovary.' Mrs. Braddon and Flaubert! Truly a staggering alliance!"

"In the treatment of Mrs. Humphry Ward, however, we have the key to the literary attitude of the Encyclopædia. Here is an author who epitomizes that middle-class respectability which forms the 'Britannica's' editors' standard of artistic judgment, and who represents that virtuous suburban culture which colors the Encyclopædia's art departments. It is not surprising therefore that, of all the recent novelists, he should be given the place of honor. Her biography extends to a column and two-thirds, much longer than the biography of Turgenev, Zola, Daudet, Mark Twain or Henry James; and over twice the length of William Dean Howells' biography. Even more space is devoted to her than is given to the biography of Poe!"

These excerpts must suffice to indicate the mathematical line if not the base of Mr. Wright's argument. Here and there one may differ from his conclusions and a few of his parenthetical remarks are not merely irrelevant but almost irresponsible. These asides sometimes take on the quality of such foolish finalities as "Puccini, who has revolutionized modern opera and who stands at the head of living composers!" The last half of the sentence is bad enough (what with such commanding figures as Richard Strauss, Charpentier, Claude Debussy, Paul Dukas, Igor Strawinsky and Wolf-Ferrari in mind) but what comic perversity can speak of the undoubtedly gifted but merely effective and adroitly imitative Puccini as a revolutionary! Signor Puccini has "revolutionized modern opera" only by putting bad melodramas, a Belasco snowstorm and the words "whiskey and soda" to music.

But such lapses are rare. As a rule Mr. Wright is as careful as he is keen—and the result is a volume that is not so much a diatribe on English provincialism as a defense of other and less parochial cultures. I have already been told that the book is "journalistic." This, I suppose, is a terrible criticism, but somehow I do not get the force of it. If it is "journalistic" it has something that I find singularly lacking in most journals. A little of this uncommon energy and enthusiasm would go far toward making a background for a culture that would be critical and creative.



East and West

By John L. Hervey

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S "Fruit Gathering," the latest volume of translations of his verse accomplishes, it might almost be said, the incredible. When "Gitanjali" appeared, some three years ago, it was hailed as something new in poetry. Coming "out of the mysterious East," to the awakening West it seemed a revelation of things hitherto unknown and unsuspected. Aesthetically and ethically it fulfilled the insistent demand that the modern poet shall be "different," and did so not by producing the *frisson nouveau* but by its exercise of an almost hypnotic spell. To repeat such an achievement is the rarest thing in poetry not only, but in all the arts. But that is what "Fruit Gathering" does. The first part of the book is, relatively speaking, the least potent, but as the reader proceeds he succumbs to the incantation and the final effect is as before. It seems more like a form of wizardry than anything else—except that we are all the time aware that the application of such a term is inappropriate because the poet is so much more than a wizard, although possessing all the wizard's power; for the wizard looks in darkness and invokes its gods, while Tagore is of the children of light.

"Fruit Gathering" is a slight volume, but one not to be hurried through. These poems demand to be

read slowly, meditatively, under conditions allowing each to exercise its full appeal. Only thus is adequate appreciation possible. Despite the definite tonality of the whole, the various poems are of many moods and the reader should be able undistractedly to give himself to each in turn. Should he do so, freely and willingly, for that giving he will receive much.

It is the latter portion of these "Gatherings," as I have said, that contain the richest fruits. Among them is the following:

XI.

O me, my brother, I sing victory to you,
You are the bright red image of fearful freedom.
You swing your arms in the sky, you sweep your
impetuous fingers across the harp-string;
your dance music is beautiful.

When my days are ended and the gates are opened
you will burn to ashes this cordage of hands
and feet.

My body will be one with you, my heart will be
caught in the whirls of your frenzy, and the
burning heat that was my life will flash up
and mingle with your flame.

There is indeed an intense and burning beauty in these verses—beauty of feeling, beauty of thought, beauty of expression. But it is little if any more beautiful than these verses, which, strangely parallel in conception, had anticipated them in publication by some time:

KIN.

Brother, I am fire
Surging under the ocean floor.
I shall never meet you, brother—
Not for years, anyhow;
Maybe thousands of years, brother,
Then I will warm you,
Hold you close, wrap you in circles,
Use you and change you—
Maybe thousands of years, brother.

"Kin" I have copied from the "Chicago Poems" of Carl Sandburg. Tagore, it is understood, departed from America recently with anathemas upon his lips. And, if my understanding is also correct, he considered Chicago one of its great offenses. It is to be regretted that his experiences were so displeasing and his impressions so superficial—not upon our account, I think, but upon his. Surely a city capable of producing a poet and a poem so nearly "kin" to himself in at least one of his moods, contains "intimations of immortality" perhaps as pregnant as Bolpur's own.

♦♦♦♦

A Knitter in the Sun

By Harry B. Kennon

MRS. JOHN TALLINGTON-TODD is wild about the war—quite as excited as once over tango; and that is *some*. So, crazy to do her bit, Mrs. T.-T. has learned to knit sox. Which is all right and proper, if only the lady got anywhere. Which she doesn't, though her knitting goes where she does. Which is everywhere.

Mrs. John Tallington-Todd began her day with a light breakfast at eight a. m. Gowned for the street by nine, she entered her super-six, knitting as she rode to her dressmaker's. Ten-thirty saw her speeding to Miss Brooke's matinee lecture on Free Verse—where she knitted. Noon found her home, changing her gown for a Bridge Whist lunch-eon and afternoon. There she knitted between hands. Six found her at home again dressing for dinner, the limousine ordered for eight. Nine-thirty saw her sitting in at another game of Auction, knitting as before, and talking of Belgium and bids and atrocities while the atrocity in her hand slowly grew.

As patriotism the thing was a peach. As a sock—words fail.

Now, Mrs. John Tallington-Todd pays fifty odd cents for yarn for a pair of sox. Not counting her labor, that is six dollars for twelve—and three velvet for spinners of hand yarn. While her Uncle Sam, for about two dollars, can purchase a dozen mill sox as is sox.

But—asking pardon of Rex Lampman—listen!
Mrs. John Tallington-Todd is doing her bit—nit!

Spring Rains

By Vine McCasland

"NO pudding for me, mother, I'm in a hurry." Elmer put a certain defiance into the quick, nervous movements with which he rolled up his napkin and took a hasty gulp of water. His mother's arm, suspended over the blue dish in which the pudding was baked and served, seemed paralyzed. Before Elmer could get to the door, she said in the familiar voice of maternal protest, which had seldom deterred Elmer from anything since he was in kilts, "Elmer, you're not going out in this rain! And you sneezing your head off with a cold!"

The boy kicked the bottom of the door sullenly with the toe of his boot, and impatiently jerked at the knob.

"I got to go," he reiterated. "And I haven't got no cold."

He was obliged to blow his nose at this inauspicious moment, which irritated him further.

Everyone at the table had ceased to eat.

"Elmer, where you going? This is the sixth night you've gone off like this and—"

"I told you I was going down to the bridge to talk to the fellows on guard."

"But why?"

Twenty-one years' experience of the effect upon Elmer of cross-examination had not taught his mother to refrain from such questions. Elmer went out into the hall and jammed on his cap, without replying a word.

His sister Mattie jumped up from her chair, and leaning with both clenched fists on the tablecloth, said excitedly, "Well, I know what Elmer's doing, mother. He's planning to enlist!" She called into the dark hall, "Elmer! Do you deny it?"

The boy came back into the dining-room and leaned against the door, facing his mother. He was trying to bear himself sternly, with set chin and steady eye.

"You might as well know, mother. I've made up my mind. I'm going. It won't make any difference whatever anyone says to hold me back. Don't be a silly cry baby, Adele!"

Adele, a very sensitive little girl of thirteen, understood very little of what war meant, but she understood the stricken look on her mother's face, and immediately burst into tears and flung herself upon her mother, who sat rigid, still holding the silver spoon.

When the mother spoke at last, she only said, "You're just your father all over, Elmer. You look the image of him this minute. Sit down and finish your supper. I made this rice pudding just for you. Look at all the raisins in it."

Elmer wavered, and sat down. "All right—to please you," he said, "but I got to go ask Bob about the uniforms to-night just the same."

Little Adele had stopped crying, and had now reached that interesting stage of emotion when there is a peculiar pleasure in licking in the tears that trickle into the corner of your mouth.

"Say, mother, what do you think? 'Dutch' Beinke is going, too. Maybe we'll be in the same regiment. Wouldn't that be funny, after the way him and me always had it in for each other?"

"Dutch Beinke! Well, let him go. He's a big strong fellow. But I don't believe they'd even take a delicate boy like you."

"They wouldn't, huh?" Elmer was triumphant. "I'm not worried about that, mother, 'cause, you see, I've already passed the physical examination."

"Elmer! You haven't!" His mother looked startled. She had deluded herself with the hope that this was a whim, and that she could talk Elmer out of "the notion."

"Honest, Elmer?" said Mattie soberly.

"You bet I have. And I'm going to enlist tomorrow. How'll you like to look out the window and see me in my khaki with a sure 'nough gun on my shoulder guarding the bridge out there, Dellie?"

The Bradley home overlooked the Mississippi, and from their rear windows they could see the soldiers by day, and at night the searchlight under one of the piers that tirelessly searched the waters for a foe.

"Elmer," his mother said in a breaking voice, "you ain't strong enough for war, dearie. You always was delicate, and took ever'thing that come along, whooping cough and scarlatina and diphtheria twiet, and chicken pox and mumps, and—why, I believe you've had everything except measles."

This recital was extremely distasteful to the warrior. "Feel that *muscle*," he commanded, doubling his elbow and extending his arm towards Mattie. "I'm tough, I tell you."

"I can beat you wrestling any day," said Mattie scornfully. "If there's any going to war in this family, better let me do it! You can stay home and do the sweeping and cooking."

Adele giggled, and Elmer said, scowling, "Cut it out." He had on various occasions been pressed most reluctantly into domestic service, and had proved unsatisfactory as a "hired girl."

Elmer passed up his saucer for more pudding. There was just a little in the dish, and Adele clamored for it. Usually, as the baby of the family, Adele was indulged, but this evening her mother said,

"Adele! I'm surprised at you." Adele, when she understood, became very quiet. She leaned her face in her two hands and watched Elmer eat the rest of the pudding, with a real awe at the terrible seriousness of life. In the eyes of his family, Elmer was gradually taking on a halo of glory and swelling to heroic dimensions. He was a fighting man, for whom his women would naturally make any sacrifice.

After he had banged the front door that evening, they found it hard to rouse themselves sufficiently to gather up the supper dishes. They went to and fro between the dining-room and kitchen, avoiding each other's eyes, in silence, each heavy with thought. Mrs. Bradley was so dazed that she set a hot dish in the ice box, and forgot to light the flame under the kettle full of water for the dishes. Adele noticed it, and did it for her.

When the water was hot, Mrs. Bradley began to wash the dishes, and the two girls stood near with crash towels, receiving the hot, soapy cups and plates from her hands, in careful fingers. Nevertheless, Mattie let a cup slip, and it was instantly shattered.

"Oh, dear, Mattie! There goes that cup. Not another piece in the set is broken, and we've had 'em eleven years. I did set such store by that pattern, and your father helped me pick it out."

Adele and Mattie were stooping to pick up the pieces. "Mother, I'm terribly sorry. My—my hand was just shaking. Look!"

The mother laid her hand, still wet and steaming from the hot suds, on Mattie's shoulder. "Throw the pieces in the garbage can, dear, and never mind. What does a broken cup matter, with Elmer going to war?"

They gave up the effort to dissuade Elmer, but they induced him to investigate various branches of the service before deciding in which he would enlist. On Sunday afternoon, the whole family accompanied Elmer to the armory. Heavy-hearted as the women were, they could not quite resist the flags and martial music, the marvelous harmony of marching legs, the spirit of excitement and enthusiasm. Their pride in Elmer grew. The boy himself was so eager he fairly bubbled over. The little group surrounded a tall and splendidly stalwart recruiting officer in uniform, who happened to be standing alone for a moment, and questioned him. Timidly but

eagerly the mothers and sisters plied the soldier with questions, many of which made him smile kindly, while Elmer, silent, his heart bursting with a new exaltation, fastened his blue, boyish eyes with their light lashes, unwaveringly upon the older man's face. His face glowed.

"Gee!" he burst out. "I want to be *in* it! I want to be part of the biggest thing going on in the whole world! I'm wild to leave this dinky little town behind and sail away in a big ship to Europe, and show'm over there what us Americans can do!"

The soldier looked down into the anxious eyes of the mother and sisters; he glanced over the young, slightly built boy, and laid an arm about his narrow shoulders. With a quick glance around, to make sure that they were not overheard, he said, slowly, and with emphasis:

"I'm not supposed to give an opinion, madam, but I'm going to advise your boy just like I would if he was my own kid brother. For God's sake, don't let him go into the Regulars. He'll not see home for four years, no matter what happens. I tried—I moved heaven and the other place to get leave to come home when my mother was dying. Nothing doing. And the marches! God! Maybe you been marching forty, fifty miles a'ready, and your feet are that sore on you, you can't hardly bear your shoes. Blisters don't make no difference! Hunger and thirst don't make no difference! You gotta keep a-goin' if them's the orders. Now, if you're bound to go, Bud—and it ain't for me to hold you back—let me give you a steer. You try to get into the Naval Reserves. You'll see plenty of action, but it won't be near so tough on you, probably."

On Monday Elmer presented himself at the Naval Reserves recruiting station, confidently. But he was obliged to go through all the physical tests again, and when he stepped down from the scales, the big fat weigher said with a wink and a teasing smile, "Go on home, Bud, and tell your maw to fatten you up. You're seventeen pounds too light to be any use to Uncle Sam."

"What you giving me?" Elmer said, indignantly. "I was weighed down at the other station and my weight was all right."

"They must have wanted you bad then to stretch the scale like that, but it don't go here. So long, sonny."

Elmer was crestfallen, but he kept the discrepancy between the two weighings strictly under his own hat, and it was only a few days later that the hat was a true soldier's hat. He was a Regular.

His dream came true in one respect at least. He was assigned to the duty of guarding the bridge, within sight of the windows of his own home. At night his mother watched the searchlight and the red lanterns on the bridge, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of a young soldier weighed down with his responsibility.

Spring was very lingering this year, and rainy and cold. The rains seemed incessant. Out on the bridge there was no protection from the bleak winds that buffeted the young recruit with savage playfulness. He had a heavy cold, but now there was no question about staying in and coddling himself. This was duty, and stern enough, even if not dangerous as yet. Guarding the bridge meant a monotonous tension that one dared not relax an instant, for in that instant what might not happen? Elmer knew two young fellows who were being severely punished for going to sleep while on duty.

He was chilled through and through. He was sent home at last with a severe case of measles. When pneumonia, too, developed, he was taken to the hospital, and died there, within three days after he was smitten. The body lay in Mrs. Bradley's little parlor, draped from head to foot in the flag. He was buried at home in the cemetery. He had never left his home town after all, nor fired at an enemy. He had merely taken cold and died, as he might have died had there been no war.

The night following the day when Elmer was buried, his mother sat at her bedroom window, watching another boy, as young and untried as her son, pacing back and forth, back and forth, guarding the bridge. It was hard to believe that it was not Elmer. This boy, too, walked proudly, conscious of tremendous responsibility. At regular intervals the searchlight turned its glare towards her and shone into her room. She seemed to feel through that searchlight a whole nation wakeful, on guard, through the long night, waiting breathlessly for something hostile to leap out of the dark, to murder. Then the whole bridge was blotted out by the rain.

Elmer's mother rested her grey head on the window sill, her hands pressed over it. She was not weeping. She was thanking God that she knew where Elmer was—safe at home, safe from all possible harm.

All night long, the cold spring rains poured down on the roofs and on the river, and on the cemetery. And the colors in the flags stuck into the raw earth over Elmer blurred and ran into an indistinguishable bloody color, streaked with blue.

♦♦♦♦

"I Shall not Die for Thee"

(From the Irish)

By Padraic Colum

O WOMAN, shapely as the swan,
On your account I shall not die;
The men you've slain—a trivial clan—
Were less than I.

I ask me shall I die for these—
For blossom-teeth and scarlet lips?
And shall that delicate swan shape
Bring me eclipse?

Well-shaped the breasts and smooth the skin,
The cheeks are fair, the tresses free—
And yet I shall not suffer death—
God over me!

Those even brows, that hair like gold,
Those languorous tones, that virgin way—
The flowing limbs, the rounded heel
Slight men betray!

Thy spirit keen through radiant mien,
Thy shining throat and smiling eye,
Thy little palm, thy side like foam—
I cannot die!

O woman, shapely as the swan,
In a cunning house hard-reared was I;
O bosom white, O well-shaped palm,
I shall not die!
From "Wild Earth and Other Poems" (Holt, New York).

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE.

By Horace Flack

X. THE BRAIN OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

WILLIAM BLAKE had a very delicate brain. It was wonderfully delicate. I will say more. It was supernaturally and miraculously delicate. I know this to be a fact, though his brain was not taken from his head after he died, to be inspected microscopically, as was the brain of Talleyrand. Read Victor Hugo on that point. I think you will find about it in his "Choses Vues," but because my own brain is what it is, I am not sure. Look through Hugo's works until you find it. You could not be in better business—at least not among old books or new in a library. If you are sick of the cant of Tory Brahmins, go back to Hugo. The point, as I suppose, is that certain curiosity-seekers who think they can find the meaning of a miraculous

world under the microscope, may have intended to spend a week or more peering into putrescent slices of Talleyrand's brain under the highest-powered microscope then in Paris. But a servant who had more common sense, clearing the house of everything repulsive, took the jar with the brain of one of the most treacherous liars of Europe and threw it into the sewer. Which, no doubt, was the best place for it.

The brain of William Blake was not used for treachery. I know it was wonderfully delicate because he used it to think with. I know it was supernaturally and miraculously delicate, because it began at once to operate under the power of his will and purpose, when it was his will and purpose to think what is finest, purest, most nearly celestial, and to put it in an order so nearly heavenly that it would sing as a harmony in men's ears forever, reminding them of their supernatural and celestial best when they are in the greatest danger of being dragged down by the beastly and devilish worst.

In order to be wonderfully delicate, all human brains must be naturally as weak as Blake's or as that of a man of genius I once saw engaged in using a supernatural brain to make another million dollars as often as possible. He could focus the powers of his brain in less than fifteen seconds and keep them focussed for perhaps thirty seconds. He thought with a sudden spring, like a grasshopper, if what he was thinking of did not concern the automatic habits created by the will and purpose which dominated in his life. But if it did—if the idea seemed to have the making of another million in it—he leaped for it with the sure spring of the tiger of whose "fearful symmetry" in leaping, Blake asked:

"What the hammer, what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?"

The rest was automatic. Set in motion thus by an idea which belonged to the habits of its dominating purpose, this brain of genius worked on, and on, and on, beyond the control of its owner, torturing him until after weeks of insomnia, he could not hide his torture. Then they said of him, as was often said of Blake, "He is insane." But when his brain worked on and on until he had made another million, they no longer said: "He is crazy." They said once more that he was a "genius," and those with whom he most frequently amused himself on the theory that "gratitude is the expectation of future benefits," called him a philanthropist.

When the brain of genius, supernaturally delicate and naturally weak, reacts in this way, I am not filled with hatred and malice, but with profound pity. When the weakness of Blake's brain appears, as it so often does, in its reaction to complete failure, I do not pity him. I greatly admire him when he does succeed. When he fails, I venerate the will and purpose which, if he had had the ear of the poet as he had the eye of the artist, would have made his "Songs of Innocence" celestial. My copy of his "Poems" was bought after Swinburne had "discovered" him. It was printed by "Walter Scott, Limited," in London, because of the demand created for Blake as a prodigy by Swinburne. I knew that Swinburne had the most highly cultivated ear for the music of English perhaps of any man in ten centuries—certainly of any man then living. I supposed he meant that Blake, too, had the poet's ear. I was the more deceived. But with keen eyes, and practically with a deaf ear, failing continually, Blake worked his best into words the world ought not willingly to let die even when they are discords. When with powers, as a poet, natural and cultivated, beyond those of any other man I knew in his generation, Swinburne's ripeness showed the rottenness at the core, I burned my Swinburne and kept my Blake. What can a man do better with a brain that is supernaturally delicate and naturally weak, than to make the noblest failure his immortal soul can inspire?

Letters From the People

Mr. Untermeyer's Last Word

New York, May 16, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I promise not to take up any more of your space or your typesetter's time if you will allow me the privilege of presenting a sort of re-rebuttal to Professor Heller's answer *in re Heine plus* Untermeyer.

Or rather allow me to extend to Professor Heller, through your columns, a slightly battered but still burgeoning olive branch. It was never my intention to answer my critic in anything but the best of spirit; and I am actually hurt that Professor Heller should refer to my communication as "a decidedly ungracious retort." I never once questioned the honesty and fairmindedness of his criticism; on the contrary I wrote, "I am truly grateful for his praise and sympathy, for his critical care and for" (and why should Professor Heller think I mean anything offensive by this) "a seventy-five per cent appreciation." More than that few receive and no one has a right to expect. And I reiterate my thanks. Fervently and, if you will permit, publicly.

As to "animus," I would be a most ungrateful sort of person were I to feel anything of the sort, or, on the other hand, accuse Professor Heller of it. I said in the first paragraph that I had practically only one grievance and that one, after all, was "a matter of taste which is personal rather than poetic."

The real point of difference was my critic's sentence: "The notorious 'Miscellany' is unnecessarily included in Mr. Untermeyer's book." And the real point of departure was the word "unnecessarily" with its ugly connotation of "notorious." Those two words made me see red rather than black ink; they started me on my quasi-diatribes. And I may have swept Professor Heller into a list of damning generalities when I scarcely had him in mind.

Therefore, if the professor believes there is the slightest personal feeling beneath my carelessly angry phrases, let me assure him there is not a trace of it; and let me add that I am heartily sorry that any of my sentences led him to think so.

I repeat my appreciation of Professor Heller's painstaking and never unjust criticism, and I should like to conclude by saying that I doubt whether any review of my *Heine* will be less biased or more careful and informative.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

❖

The Way to Do It

Palisade, N. J., May 14, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In an editorial in your issue of May 11, entitled "Ignoring the Obvious," you say: "I am aware that it would require a constitutional amendment to put into effect a national land value tax." You will pardon me, but I must believe that it will remain for the U. S. Supreme Court to sustain or reverse this ex-cathedra opinion. As a matter of fact, we already have a means at hand which might fill the bill and lead at once to practical results. You will remember that the sixteenth amendment to the

constitution reads as follows: "The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states and without regard to any census or enumeration." I have underlined the word "from whatever source derived," because in my judgment this clause opens the door for the collection of an income tax levied upon the annual ground-rent of land.

Ground rent is an *income* accruing to the owners of land, and as such may be taxed under the sixteenth amendment. Moreover, ground-rent is an "unearned" income, and for this reason it should be taxed in preference to any "earned" income of whatever character. The exigencies of the present moment, when the national government is in need of large funds for war purposes, might well be met by a tax of a fair percentage levied upon incomes derived from ground rent. I believe that it would be unjust for the national government to take too large a percentage of ground rent for its own purposes, because the state, the county, the township and the mu-

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nicipality have also inherent rights in the ground rent of every parcel of land lying within their respective jurisdictions. All this is a matter for legislative consideration and fair adjustments.

The administration of such an income tax would be simpler than the present complicated and vexatious system, and under it the door would be closed to evasion and dishonesty. A declaration from every owner of land within the nation should be obligatory. The formulation of some such method as the "Somers System" for arriving at scientific valuation might well be included. Community valuation should go hand in hand with the owner's declaration, before the official acceptance and confirmation of the revenue department. A land court for appeals would be in order.

It may be objected that we in this

country are not familiar with the idea of ground rent and that a proposal of this nature would be caviar to the general. Yet a tax on land assessed at some certain percentage of its selling or capitalized value has always been known to us, our local taxes being invariably derived mainly from this source. Now it should not be difficult for the public to grasp the idea that in the selling or market price of any piece of land, irrespective of any improvements in or on it, we have the capitalization of the annual ground rent, or we have, as the English say, so many "years' purchase." A simple rule is the following: To arrive at the average capitalization of land in the United States take twenty times the ground rent. *Pari passu*, to arrive at the ground rent take 5 per cent of the capitalization.

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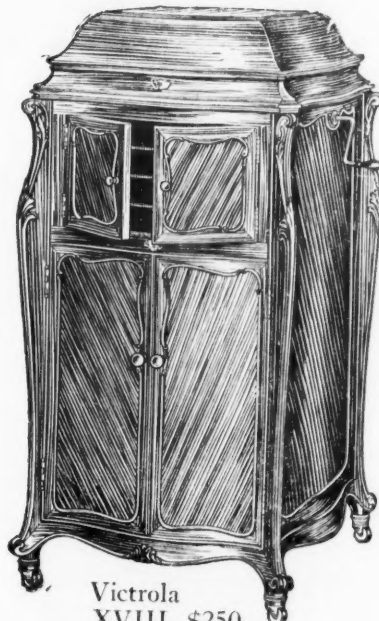
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New Summer Suits

Captivating styles, of wash ratine, Ramie linen, combined with silks, voile and linen combinations, chiffon taffetas, crepe Tussor and Georgette—in a score of striking new models designed for mid-summer wear.

There are suits adapted for service and traveling, of dark navy linen, Georgette, taffeta and silk jerseys. Also white ratine with combination of plaid and dots, as well as other high-colored fabrics, for dress and evening wear.

Prices range from \$19.75 to \$24.75 and up to \$49.75.

New Coats and Capes

Unusual popularity is assured Capes for mid-summer wear as well as the lighter-weight Dress and Service Coats.

Wool Jersey Coats, in purple, lettuce green, white, black, gold and nickel, some trimmed in contrasting colors, are priced at \$29.75.

Beautiful Tussor Capes, silk-lined—ideal for summer evenings and for wear with lingerie dresses, \$49.75.

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(Third Floor.)

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A splendid showing of beautiful styles, in coat effect, with blouse and side-plaited skirt—in colors white-and-gold, white-and-black, white-and-green, at \$34.75.

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White crepe de chine, made with plain skirts, side-plaited, with Russian tunic blouse. Some in white, others in combination of colors. All have leather or Juliet belts, and are priced \$24.75.

(Third Floor.)

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Fashion has given her enthusiastic indorsement of the Satin Skirt this season, and every woman to be well dressed must have one in her wardrobe.

The new Baronet Satin, with its beautiful luster, so shimmering and soft-looking, is perhaps the most popular, though silk broadcloths are also in wide favor.

Beautiful soft shades, such as shell pink, apricot, white, Nile, lettuce and violet are shown. Priced from \$19.75 to \$29.75.

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(Third Floor.)

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Of course, there is no need here to point out that a tax levied on ground-rent is a tax on privilege. It will be well, however, to remark (as C. B. Fillebrown has shown) that the selling price of land—and equally its annual value or ground-rent—is always a net

price after all taxes and other liens have been paid. In no sense, therefore, can this proposed tax on ground-rent constitute "double taxation." It remains farther to point out that in this country, where mortgaged land is so much in evidence, it should become part of the ad-

ministration of a national income tax on ground-rent to determine the various interests in any particular parcel of land, in order that all the parties in interest may be made to pay their proportionate shares. As for exemptions, there should be none whatever.

The foregoing considerations, hastily presented, are sufficient, it seems to me, to indicate which way lies the realization of the dream of "putting into effect a national land value tax." The machinery is already available. Reduce all land capitalization to its sturdy foundation in ground-rent and then *laissez faire, laissez aller!* One cannot see the necessity for another constitutional amendment.

What is needed at the present juncture is a senator or a congressman with sufficient courage and intelligence to break the chains of party and in covering with ridicule and obloquy the abominable, the scandalous revenue bill introduced by the Ways and Means committee, lead the way to the confusion of monopoly and the liberation of the common people by a national income tax on ground-rent.

E. YANCEY COHEN.

"Herr Schmidt's Thesis" Again

New York, May 16, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The Webb bill, permitting combinations of corporations engaged in the export trade, is intended to facilitate the old high-tariff practice of selling goods cheaper to the foreign than to the domestic consumer.

Alleged publicists, such as Gabby George Perkins (as Mr. Doyle called him), are demanding higher tariff rates to shut out foreign goods.

At the same time they want the Sherman anti-trust law amended so that the trusts can agree upon a policy of low prices to foreign countries.

The Webb bill is a pernicious measure that should not receive a single vote in congress.

If our manufacturers can sell goods in South America or Australia in competition with the products of foreign countries, then they need no tariff protection against these products.

"Herr Schmidt's Thesis," recently published in the Mirror, is based on the unsound theory that we can produce more goods than we can consume.

The truth is that we are suffering from under-consumption, not over-production, and that if we had a just social order, founded on the principles advocated by Henry George, there would be no necessity for any governmental interference with the natural laws of trade.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

A. Meyer Approves

St. Louis, May 18, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

According to a United Press dispatch from London which appeared on the front page of a St. Louis daily under date of May 17, "Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the British Admiralty, paid eloquent tribute to the American navy and its personnel in responding to the toast 'The American Navy.' 'It is working in the most absolute co-operation with the British navy,' he said, 'and that co-operation will never be broken—at least until the enemy has been crushed.' How cold is type! I wish I could have seen Sir Edward Carson's eyes when he uttered that qualifying last clause. And heard his voice! Ominous words are these, especially

when coming from a First Lord of the British Admiralty with the character and career of Sir Edward Carson.

I am reminded of your thoughtful—and should I say prophetic?—editorial of April 27: "Great Britain is very sweet to us now. . . . Of course we are fighting for democracy, but we are primarily saving Great Britain from the gravest danger she has known since the Armada, and she will not look altogether kindly for long upon her savior when that savior is a rival more portentous than was Germany. . . . With Germany out of the way as a rival, she may not be so amenable to this country's suggestions. . . ."

A. MEYER.

A Concert at the Front

By D. O. C.

The Colonel had asked me to dinner in his hut. "Come at six o'clock," he said, "and I may be able to give you a little amusement before dinner." He did. He and his men were to go up to the line on the morrow; so the officers had arranged a smoking concert, and had borrowed for the occasion a large hut belonging to the company which had charge of a German prisoners' camp. The hut was lighted with hanging lamps, and filled with men and tobacco smoke (mainly of the Woodbine breed, which Tommy loves more than the best Havana).

At the top table is the very smart Regimental Sergeant-Major, who is in the chair. In place of the usual hammer, he keeps order by rapping on the table with a large silver cigarette case. The concert has already started when we arrive, and after waiting for the end of the duty in progress we make our way to a table next the chairman, amidst some little applause from the men, for my host is popular.

To my surprise, I see seated on one side of the hut at the far end of the room, eight German non-commissioned officers, all smoking (again mostly Woodbines), and all evidently enjoying the musical efforts of our gallant Tommies. These Germans were very fine men. Two were sergeant-majors, and had most intelligent and interesting faces. Another, a studious-looking rather delicate fellow, was, I found, a science master at some German school. He had a guitar, which he played later with great effect.

The concert went on; lugubrious songs, all without accompaniment, with verses that ran into double figures. "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy," and songs of the "Little Irish Rose" and "Shamrock" type were the most popular; several again of the "Scotch Whiskey" variety, and then the meeting is called to order by the chairman, who announces: "The enemy will oblige with a folk song and chorus—the best of order and a bit of encouragement, please."

"The enemy" remove their caps, come to the front, bowing to the Colonel as they pass, and sing a part-song, conducted by one of the sergeant-majors, and accompanied by the delicate-looking man on his guitar. It is music—*real* music, the performers—all eight of them—obviously enjoying it. One or two

have really good voices, and there is not a false note. Tommy looked on in amazement. He seemed surprised that these strange people could sing in such a difficult language and certainly surprised at the very high musical standard. The enemy is heartily applauded, and returns quickly to his seat and his Woodbines, again bowing to the Colonel en route.

Then the Adjutant tells stories, chiefly concerned with the troubles of young officers and raw recruits, which shake the audience with laughter. He is followed by the Colonel, who stands up, all six feet of him, perfectly "turned out," and recites in most racy manner, "The Gee Bung Polo Club." The applause was intense, and this although there were probably not half a dozen men in the hut who could tell you anything about the game of polo! Still, as I have said, he is a good Colonel.

And now the chairman announces the last two items on the programme. "Best of order, please, while the enemy gives 'The Watch on the Rhine'—and you can ease yourselves afterwards by singing 'Rule, Britannia!'" So "Die Wacht am Rhein" is most feelingly rendered by the enemy, and the last notes have hardly died away when Thomas Atkins lifts the roof off with that pean of liberty which (so the verse tells us) was caught from the lips of "Guardian Angels." Then "God Save the King" and the men disperse, many of them singing as they go out:

"We beat them on the Marne,

We beat them on the Aisne;

We gave them hell at Neuve Chapelle,
And here we are again."

The enemy seemed quite happy, but one large Bavarian sergeant-major, who spoke perfect English, said to me: "But, sir, surely not quite like *that* at Neuve Chapelle." And he was right.

B. E. F., 23 March, 1917.

—From the London Saturday Review.

♦♦♦

Drama

Nat M. Wills, the "Happy Tramp," is the headliner on a bright, nine-act vaudeville bill at the Columbia theater, beginning with Monday's matinee. His last appearance here was at the Coliseum last fall as one of the stars of the New York Hippodrome show.

As an extra added feature the Columbia will present "A Night in the Trenches," vaudeville's big scenic novelty, and yet a decided comedy with music. One soldier is a big, burly Alabama negro, and his desire to quit his position and return to the peaceful cotton fields of his native state, provides the major portion of the fun, and when, quite unknown to himself, he becomes a hero, the incident is exasperating.

Others on the bill are Frances Nordstrom and William Pinkham, in Miss Nordstrom's own comedy, "All Wrong;" Ethel Hopkins, the "Daughter of Vaudeville," so-called because her father, the late Col. J. D. Hopkins, of St. Louis, was one of vaudeville's pioneer promoters; Fred and Adele Astaire in new songs and distinctive dances; Pal-frey, Hall and Brown presenting "Follies of Vaudeville;" Billy Tower and Maybelle Darrell, in "Food for the Squirrels;" Jack and Kitty DeMaco in

an artistic athletic novelty, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

♦♦♦

A company of soldiers, dressed in khaki, with the bandage-like puttees about their legs, were waiting for their train at a station in Wiltshire. Among

the spectators were an old countryman and his wife. "I say, Garge," the old lady whispered, "there's somethin' I can't understand about they solgers." "What is it, lass?" "I can't think how they get their laigs into they twisted trousers."—*Ex.*



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New Books

Several thousand articles by special correspondents, in addition to hundreds of books, have been published in the last three years on the subject of the great war, but perhaps none of these visualizes the awful horror and brutality of that contest as does "A German Deserter's War Experience," published by B. W. Huebsch. We are told that the writer followed the calling of a miner in Germany, that he is under thirty years of age, and that in the German army he was attached to a sappers' or engineers' corps, which moved into Belgium at the beginning of the war. He wishes to remain unknown in telling his tale, for the sake of relatives still in Germany, who because of such a book might fall into the clutches of the Kaiser. He is a Socialist and a hater of war, but the German government saw to it that his principles were not allowed to make any difference in the matter of his service. The book first appeared in German, in the New Yorker *Volkszeitung*, and was translated therefrom by J. Koettgen.

The author pretends to no literary ability, but his book has the greater force because there is no attempt at literary adornment or embellishment. He simply tells what he saw, and surely he saw enough. He has done that which no correspondent has been able to do. He has given us a picture of how war looks from the trenches and through the haze of bursting shells. The vision is a gruesome one. He tells us of the march through Belgium and the cunning attempts on the part of the officers to arouse the hatred of the German soldiers against the Belgians, who at first were, in some cases, inclined to treat the invaders kindly. One of the things that gave him the first sickening taste of the inhumanity of war was being detailed as one of a firing squad to shoot a lot of Belgian civilians. The attempts of the officers to incite their troops to hatred of the Belgians is illustrated in one method of which he tells. After marching for many hours without water, the troops, with their tongues hanging out, would arrive in a Belgian village, only to find a guard around the wells, with the notification that all the wells were poisoned. In one instance, of which he was a witness, the troops, dying from thirst, broke through the guards and drank as much of the water as they liked and it wasn't poisoned at all. What the writer tells us makes us safe in concluding, aside from the horrible examples we have had in all other directions, that the beautiful "philosophy" of Nietzsche and Bernhardt is freely applied by the German army in its military operations. The soldiers are told, when it is a case of women and children, that they are French or Belgian women and children, and that "the first business of a soldier is to look out for himself."

The author does not treat to any extent the psychological connotations of war, the book dealing almost altogether with facts, but he does note with surprise the brutalizing effect of war and war as a creator of primitive selfishness. Thus he tells us of men being slaughtered by wholesale with mines, of fields covered with a sort of mincemeat of

men and horses, with the remains of scores of torn bodies hanging from the limbs of trees, of spaces between the trenches piled with the slain, to lie there and fester in the hot sun and poison the air all around; of men falling from fatigue and heat on the retreat from the Marne and guns and wagons passing right over them without anybody giving the matter a second thought. In fact, he considers one of the most remarkable things of war is that the soldier soon grows indifferent to anyone's distress but his own. Men come to view scenes of the utmost horror with the most unfeeling indifference. Through this man's eyes we see war as it actually is, in all its obscenity, foulness, hardship, filth, misery, hunger, barbarity, selfishness and cruelty.

After fourteen months, in which he seems to have been either almost constantly on the march or under fire, this soldier got a furlough to return home, and at great risk was able to steal across the line into Holland. From the point of crossing he reached the coast, hid as a stowaway in the coal bunker of a Dutch steamer and succeeded in reaching New York. The book is a terrible indictment of war. The author does not condemn the Germans alone. He thinks the French are just about as bad.

❖

"The Chosen People," by Sydney L. Nylburg, published by Lippincott & Co., is a novel which, as its name indicates, deals wholly with the Jews. It treats a problem of great consequence to that people—the line of separation taking place in their own faith, the distinction that is growing up between the Jews of the orthodox and the reformed branches, between the immigrant and the Americanized Jews. The writer gives us the different types of successful Jews—the ambitious and able lawyer, who is a Russian, a cynic and an agnostic; the complacent, thoroughly Americanized, self-satisfied young Jew; the sordid and wealthy Jew who is devoted to money; the young, educated Jewish idealist. This young idealist is called to take charge of the leading temple in Baltimore, the scene of the story. The young rabbi burns with zeal to make the daily lives of his race conform to the teachings of brotherhood to be found in his religion, to bring to a fuller understanding the members of his congregation and the class it represents and the poor or immigrant Jews, to the end that the richer members of the race may help the newly-arrived beyond a mere dole of charity. There is a strike in the great clothing factory of the president of his congregation, who represents the sordid, rich Jew. The strikers are nearly all Russian Jews. The young rabbi mixes in this contest and finds that the Russian Jew looks upon his richer Americanized brethren with pronounced suspicion. The rabbi falls in love with a young nurse, who is a Gentile, whom he wishes to marry, but the girl will not permit him to make the sacrifice and runs away from him. He is sorrowfully brought to a realization of the fact that this is a world of many compromises and that there are many things that one wishes to have that one cannot have. The story is exceptionally well written,

and strongly presents problems that are of interest to Jew and Gentile alike.

❖

Nicholas Danvers, a crippled recluse and wealthy landowner, condemned to death in a short time by his doctor, takes that gentleman into his confidence and formulates a scheme as wise as eccentric. He lets it be given out that he is dead and a will shows up devising his estate to a son of a friend of his, whom he has seen but once and then when he was but a small boy. This man is found in South Africa and comes to England to accept the curious terms under which the estate was left. The working out of these terms, complicated with a love story, is the burden of "Antony Gray—Gardener," by Leslie Moore. It is another one of those stories of English rural life, of which we are having a great many now, perhaps as an antidote to war. It is not an exciting story but it is told with considerable deftness. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

❖

"East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" is the charming title G. W.

Dasent has given his collection of Norse fairy tales. They are of a kind to make the eyes of the little ones widen in wonder, and are at the same time of interest to adults, as incorporating the legends, folk-lore and mythology of the rugged North. The story from which the book takes its title relates how a beggar maid married and lost a prince who was fated by a wicked stepmother to pass his days as a white bear, returning to his true form only at night; how this prince was spirited away from her and carried to a castle "east o' the sun and west o' the moon;" how she found him and reclaimed and freed him from enchantment. All the stories are beautifully told. Rich in fancy they deal in enchantments and witchcraft, metamorphoses and miracle, giants, trolls, fairies, ogres, elements that are sentient and of beasts and birds that speak as do men (Putnam's Sons.)

❖

"A Virginia Village," is the title of E. S. Nadal's book of reminiscences, although the title is not accurately descriptive, for the writer gives us every-



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Boyne, and who settled in the "Valley of Virginia," that he is most interesting. The author knows his people well. The method of telling his reminiscences is rather discursive, but that fact in itself gives an added charm to the book. (The Macmillan Company.)

Burton Kline certainly has elements of strength as a story-teller, but what he seems to lack is taste—not so much in literary style as in his idea of life. The familiar and even vulgar way in which his supposedly well-bred people talk to and about each other carries a distinct shock to the reader, in his latest book, "The End of the Flight," published by the John Lane Company. The scene of the story is a flourishing town of about forty thousand people, supposedly in the Middle West, and the two chief characters are a strong-willed and unscrupulous woman and an ambitious young attorney. Of course, the love interest is there, but the story, for some reason, does not touch our emotions.

"Far Cathay" is an unusual setting for a modern novel, yet China is the scene chosen by Edith Wherry for her uncommonly well-written novel, "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." The "Wanderer" is an English foundling adopted by a young Chinese woman who has lost her own child and been driven into the hills by the animosity of her husband's people. She brings the boy up, and when grown he tries to re-establish relations with his own people, but finds that he has become too much of a Chinaman ever to readjust his point of view. Then he is seized by a sort of religious exaltation and spends the rest of his life visiting from temple to temple in China in search of a lost manuscript. The story gives us an insight into the life and habits of the Chinese people of which the Western world knows only too little. The book has a literary charm that is characteristic of the writings of Edith Wherry. She is a particularly good interpreter of the mysticism of the Orient. The John Lane Company is the publisher.

The American Woman Prepares for War

By Margaret B. Downing

thing from a brief biography of himself to some interesting reminiscence of Lincoln, Stanton, Lowell and many other public men of the last generation, besides wandering all over the country and even to Europe whither he went as an attache of the embassy under Lowell. Mr. Nadal tells us that he is the son of an itinerant Methodist minister and thus lived in many different places in his boyhood, as the preacher was then transferred to a new charge at the end of every two years. As a young man he spent most of his time in Washington during the Civil War and there met many of the leading men of that day. He tells us that in later years he has lived in New York and has interested himself chiefly in breeding pacing and trotting horses. His passion for horses shows pleasantly. But it is where he deals with the descendants of the Scotch-Irish who had to leave Ireland, after espousing the cause of that poltroon, James Stuart, at the battle of the

Getting down to the root of the matter, it is apparent that if the American woman had prepared for war in less time, she might have avoided some of the serious mistakes, which are plain in her activities of the past six weeks. Had she been compelled, as were the women of Europe, to face actual war over night, the results might command a higher degree of confidence as to the manner in which she will meet the real crisis. Women from every inch of territory over which the Stars and Stripes wave are represented at the National Capital, and while most of them are loyal enough, it is to be hoped that they will not furnish models for universal imitation, and that women more remote from the seat of government will recognize the folly of some of the performances for which their sex have

been responsible since President Wilson read his indictment of German autocracy.

An orgy of patriotism, preparedness and economy has terminated for a considerable number of Washington women, in exhaustion and confusion. Hard-pressed leaders with duties of vital moment to perform and short time for their accomplishment, have been driven to desperation by the patriotism which took the form of public meetings wherein women solemnly declared their intention to stand by the president and the nation and to do their duty to the last ditch. Such meetings have been multiplied beyond all reason, until it seems every Dorcas society, reading circle or sewing bee has caught the fever. Some have been conducted by women in high places and when they asked busy public men, even generals and admirals, to address these gatherings, they dared not refuse. The governmental scheme confers unmeasured power on the woman-kind in the families of important legislators, especially those controlling appropriations.

In the various movements looking to national preparedness, undoubtedly the serious and capable women balance well against the panicky variety, but there are sufficient of the latter brand to cause discouragement. Miss Mabel Boardman, executive head of the Red Cross needs a clear eye and steady head to keep her army free from undesirable recruits. Within the past week there came to Miss Boardman a letter from a woman, within fair distance of America's metropolitan city. The writer used four pages and a half to tell the director of the Red Cross what splendid work she was doing and that she was the idol of the community. All the women in her community wanted to join her active forces. She was just consumed with patriotism. She longed to be a nurse on the battlefield, right in the thickest of the fight, and she could nurse well, had a natural talent and would need no training. But her husband was a farmer and demanded three hot meals a day, and there were six children, the oldest not thirteen. What would Miss Boardman advise? That lady having a proper sense of humor, felt inclined to write her correspondent to train her husband to cook his three hot meals himself, and to put the children in an orphanage. But feeling a responsibility, she wrote instead a homily on the higher patriotism involved in caring for a farmer in the material sense and rearing a family. Letters as absurd arrive in scores at the Red Cross headquarters, proving that every nerve must be strained to keep the large class of emotional women within bounds and to prevent their unrest from becoming contagious. Some candidates offer themselves personally, when it is plain that their duty lies at home and that they confuse patriotism with a general desire for excitement and new experiences.

The hysteria of economy which raged in Washington for a full month has spent itself. But it is deplorable it ever gained headway at all. It may be accepted that even the White House family feels a trifle embarrassed over its impetuous rush toward simple living which followed in the wake of the food scare. The national boards of trade with

all available figures at their command have sent forth the assurance that there can be no immediate food shortage and that crop prospects are fair. A woman of exalted rank began the three-course dinner fad, the elimination of all eatables except necessities and advised against extravagance in raiment, even to the extent of frowning on the new garments commonly purchased in the spring. As a result of such propaganda, a business depression followed. Purveyors of luxuries like flowers and confectionery, rare sea food, milliners and importers of all classes had to spend money spreading their protests in the advertising spaces of the daily press. The lighter charms of life have always ruled in Washington and now that it is both the court and the camp of the nation and the brisk exchange of amenities part of the national programme, such treatment of the essential merchants



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was inexcusable. The conditions have passed and trade is normal. Those with good incomes live as they did before and those who must face the increased cost of living, on meager incomes find as eloquent a sermon on economy as they need in sums of addition and subtraction. So this flutter of hysterical

economy has passed, the three-course dinners and the shabby clothing, but there are those who regret that President and Mrs. Wilson were in the throes of the panic, when the banquets were being given to the British and French missions. The distinguished guests were served with the simplest of fare, when the nation would have rejoiced if the best the country could offer had been heaped before them. The commissioners had endured hardships and to spare. In this land of milk and honey it would have been good to know that they had the most succulent of Chesapeake oysters, terrapin *a la* Maryland, Potomac shad, every vegetable, fruit and berry the country produces, every good dish which is nationally popular, instead of a plain soup, roast beef, two fresh vegetables, a salad of lettuce and tomatoes, ice cream and fancy cakes, as the White House menu read. Down in their hearts these guests of the nation doubtless ponder on the theory and the reality of American hospitality.

Against this activity which is futile where it is not harmful there has been inertia regarding a reform which fairly screams to be remedied before the United States can composedly get down to the work of making war. About four years ago, congress passed an eight-hour law for women performing services within the ten miles square which make up the District of Columbia. The law was rigidly enforced until about February last, when the executive departments utterly flouted it because of

the requirement that women clerks must meet the heavy demand created by the new conditions. In the bureaux of engraving and printing, the government printing office, in all the departments where the war preparations mean stupendous additions to the general routine, women have been working for three months—often on Sundays, for twelve to fourteen hours daily. This in the face of constant prosecutions of small fry cafe proprietors who are haled to the police court for keeping their cashiers over time or laundrymen who are accused of adding a trifle to the legal working day. The daily press has frequent letters from relatives of girls who have suffered from nervous breakdown as a result of this grind. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, to the everlasting credit of the element of suffragists which she directs, has aimed the whole battery of her organization to rescue women serving the government, from this form of tyranny. She has boldly told the national congress that if it permits its own servants to break the laws it has made, it cannot hope the nation will have much respect either for it or for the laws. Mrs. Catt finds that autocracy as represented by bureau chiefs in Washington is suggestive of Berlin's military cabinet. For instance, she has petitioned that these women, instead of being ground beyond their endurance, should be relieved at the end of an eight-hour day by fresh clerks, and this in regular relays. But the bureaucrats refuse to appoint additional clerks. There is no trained contingent in waiting and these petty chieftains have neither the time nor the inclination to train the novices. Perhaps as the next development, the army and naval training officers will demand experts instead of expending their energy making over the raw material into competent soldiers and sailors. Some of the women in high places who have led the most enthusiastic rallies, who proclaimed to high heaven how they love their country and desire to serve her, look on the tyranny exerted over their sisters right here in Washington with the utmost complacency. Mrs. Catt has been unable to enlist their sympathies at all.

Another example which shows that the government must get its hearthstone clean and shining, if the proper sort of service is given by the vast army of civil employes during the months when the army and navy are in foreign parts, relates to the meager provision made for wives of those who have answered the call to arms and for the women who must step into the work and responsibilities of men who have joined the defense. There are many well-meaning women who sew for the wives of soldiers, usually garments for which they could have no earthly need and who feebly clamor for reading and recreation rooms for them; and their children. But a concerted movement, for so many wealthy women to look after so many wives and children of soldiers and sailors, a movement which enlisted all of France in a league and which has provided some occupation for all, even children of tender years, has not been considered and probably will not be. It is so much less picturesque than to struggle for the Belgians or to sew for hours in the Red Cross rooms.

All over the country men are going out from the public service to answer the President's call and women must step into their places. So far they take over all the work but not the remuneration. If the feminist crusade here is worthy of support from any thoughtful citizen, if as they proclaim they are to bring justice and equal opportunity to their sex, they have a golden opportunity right now. If they would display half the enthusiasm expended during the past six weeks in fantastic roles, in obtaining humane and honest treatment for the forty thousand women on the government pay roll, this burning question would soon be adjusted. It does not impress the observer that the American woman has measured up to the chances which are thrust in her way. It is nothing that so many women are doing more than their share when so many are neglecting their imperative duty.

Washington, D. C., May 16.

A New Chamber of Horrors

By Celia Baldwin Whitehead

Connected with the old New York Eden *Musée* (now, alas, no more) which was probably the finest collection of wax figures that ever existed, was a subterranean "Chamber of Horrors." Each figure in this room was selected with its name in view—all suggestive of terror and gloom. John Brown was there, with a rope around his neck, I believe. Five of the famous Chicago anarchists were represented in life size, and I suppose John Lawson and Tom Mooney and several others would be there now if the institution had continued. Blood was greatly in evidence, flowing from sword and bullet wounds. Death-bed scenes, duels, men tramped to death by infuriated horses, a man in the coils of a boa constrictor and numerous other blood curdlers gave verity to the chamber's name. But nothing so loathsomely horrible as "The Cat of the Canebrake" had then been thought of.

This brings me to the New Chamber of Horrors, "Best Short Stories of 1916," edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Small-Maynard, Boston). That the "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" in these stories are many of them mental instead of physical does not lessen, but rather deepens their gloomifying effect. I think they must be specimens of "art for Art's sake"—which thing I hate—for, with one or two exceptions, I can see no other purpose in them. Only one, "Ice Water Pl—," has a married-and-lived-happily-ever-after style of ending. "Down on Their Knees," made up of a lot of disagreeable people, gives a sort of a promise to that effect, but the previous delineation of characters shows the impossibility of its fulfillment.

"The Sacrificial Altar" seems to be "art for Art's sake" carried to its logical extreme and perhaps it will have the effect on writers who deal in that commodity that "Don Quixote" was intended to have on "the absurd and affected romances which it was then the fashion

to read." The worshiper at "The Sacrificial Altar" of Art kills a young woman, to get the proper inspiration and setting for an "artistic masterpiece," thereby causing several of her friends to die of grief, and after he completes his "masterpiece," comes out of his trance, sees what he has done, is overcome with remorse and kills himself in a most artistic manner.

After reading these best short stories I had a confused impression of *delirium tremens*, insanity, deceit, drunkenness, meanness, squalor, hopes deferred even to sickness of heart, a little girl frozen to death, murder, suicide, electrocution and one-leggedness. In two of the stories a one-legged man is the principal character and in one of them he goes "clip-clop, clip-clop" with a Dickensian reiteration that is maddening.

There is a quality in "Feet of Gold"—I do not know what it is—that, despite a good deal of badness, drunkenness and sadness, gives a different color and tone from that which prevails in nearly all the other stories. I shall read the next story I see by Gordon Arthur Smith.

"The Silent Infare" is amusing and an excellent piece of negro dialect.

"Little Selves" is a choice bit of dreamy retrospection and doesn't leave the reader either heartache or disgust.

Fannie Hurst's story, "Ice Water Pl—" tells of some mean, disagreeable people, but they do not make the story; their parts are simply small side-shows. There is a deep-laid but not villainous plot, real live human dialogue and an appropriately triumphant ending in which the heroine, mistress of a New York boarding house, avails herself of the privilege coveted for eighteen years, of slamming the door on the call for "ice water."

If you insist on reading "Best Short Stories of 1916"—I advise you not to, but since you insist—please let me show you how to pass through the ordeal with the least possible harm. When I first visited the Eden Musee, I took its horrors last and thereby learned better. When I took friends to see it I showed them the horrible things first in order that the beautiful ones might remain with their thought, partially blotting out the unpleasantness of the visit to the lower regions.

I should have followed a similar plan in reading those short stories had I known beforehand what they contained.

So then begin with "The Cat of the Canebrake." You will need all the others to take away its taste of slime and bitterness.

After that—I hardly know—perhaps "Half Past Ten" is next worst, but "The Sacrificial Altar" comes pretty close to it.

The others, leaving out four which I shall specify in the order of their reading, may be taken at random.

Then read "Feet of Gold," "Little Selves," "The Silent Infare," and finish with "Ice Water Pl—" In this way you can emerge from the new chamber of horrors without being submerged in the feeling that all the world is a dismal, devilish charnel house which might better never have been.

In the main, these stories show up

humanity as a very poor thing. We are all "miserable sinners," or worse. "There is no health in us." Our circumstances and possibilities are made so sordid and meager that nothing relating to us seems worth while.

Are bad and miserable people the only material fit for best stories? Are good people totally uninteresting? No; Fannie Hurst answers that. Why can we not have more stories in that vein, that are really good stories?

I have always had a grudge against Poe for writing his monstrosities, but the people who cite "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Pit and the Pendulum," as masterpieces, I think are still more blameworthy. He couldn't help writing them, poor fellow; but I see no excuse for those who perpetuate his morbidities.

"Read 'The Necklace,'" I've been told, by an "artist," "for a really good short story;" and add on "A Piece of String." These present long-drawn-out, needless, useless agony, "enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore."

But Edward J. O'Brien seeks to increase this already more than enough by "The Penance," "The Lost Phoebe" and "Making Port."

Who shall deliver us from these nightmares?



Marts and Money

The Wall street market indicates perceptible improvement both in business and quotations. There is substantially increased demand for the most active industrial stocks, especially for those of companies manufacturing steel and munitions of war. It is fostered by monotonously optimistic reports as to exceptionally big earnings and glowing dividend prospects. The bulk of the trading is done in United States Steel and Republic Iron & Steel common. The current price of the former—122¾—denotes an advance of \$6 over the record of a week ago; that of the latter, one of 5.50. Parties who entered into extensive short commitments at the low levels of some weeks ago are plainly in a state of uneasiness. They note the decidedly enhanced degree of resiliency, the lively rallies, and the relative ineffectiveness of occasional heavy profit-taking. The quotations for leading copper stocks are only moderately higher. They are affected every other day by the bewildering run of news from Petrograd. This, notwithstanding the more or less brilliant exhibits of earning capacities which statistical bureaus and commission houses see fit to put forth week after week. Evidently, the market for goods of this kind has to take care of a good deal of precautionary liquidation as the quotations are raised to higher notches. There is good reason for the belief, however, that the values of copper shares should impressively sympathize with the additional betterment that is confidently looked for in the values of steel and munitions certificates. Naturally, the hopes of copper "fans" are mainly centered in Anaconda, Inspiration, Kennecott, Utah, Miami, and Chino. There's a deal of fine talk right now respecting the merits and promises of Cerro de

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Pasco, holders of which will receive \$1.50 (regular and extra) for the last three months. The stock is quoted at 34. The cognoscenti of the trade stoutly declare that the Pasco, which operates in Peru, will be one of the greatest copper companies in the world a few years hence. On February 20 last, sales of the stock were made at 41. Peru receives increasing attention on the part of mining corporations and engineers. As a result, Wall street is agog with tales of marvelous mineral and metallic wealth in the country of the Incas. In his last annual report, President Ryan, of the Anaconda Copper Co., declares that practically all the outstanding stock of the Andes Copper Co., also a Peru property, has been acquired from the William Braden and affiliated interests, and that development work has verified the former estimate that the Potrerillos prospect, one of the constituent claims, contains ore of profitable grade in excess of 100,000,000 tons. Owing to various untoward circumstances, arising chiefly from the great war, comprehensive plans of construction and ore development cannot be carried out in the next year or two. The pamphlet report of the Anaconda for the year ended December 31, 1916, discloses net profits of \$50,828,372. This amount is equivalent to \$21.80 on each one of the 2,331,250 shares outstanding. The present annual dividend rate is only \$8. So it does not require much of a stretch of

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the imagination to see the probability of a \$10 dividend rate in case current quotations for the metal can be kept intact six or twelve months longer. Anaconda is quoted at 80 at this time. It was rated at 105¾ on November 18, 1916. People who pretend to be in possession of credible information firmly hold that Inspiration Copper has for some months been consistently absorbed by capitalistic interests. Thus far, however, the process of accumulative buying has brought no distinguished results as regards market value. The ruling price of Inspiration—57½—compares with 74¾ on November 18.

Although railroad stocks remain in a condition of unusual neglect, the idea is growing that their prices, too, should rise materially in the next few months. Hopeful expectations are based on the numerous signs of completed liquidation, the extensive declines in values, and the prospective increase in general freight rates. Union Pacific common, the bell wether of the railroad group, is once more strongly tipped for 145. The past week witnessed an advance from

132½ to 135½. The maximum of the year, attained on January 2, is 149½. Chicago, M. & St. Paul common, which was jammed down, some days ago, to about 69½, is now rated at 74. In other prominent instances, quotations denote gains of a half to a full point. Last November and December, the public was glibly reminded that railroad shares should be considered "peace investments," and that they should be bought at the high prices then in existence. Nothing of that sort of talk is indulged in nowadays. But we may take it for granted that it will once more attract rapt attention as soon as the values of railroad stocks have been advanced ten or fifteen points. High prices invariably form the most potent lure for "outsiders," and put the vocal chords of "insiders" into a state of perpetual motion so long as the chances for selling are good.

The average of commodity prices still is tending upward. According to Bradstreet's compilations, the May 1 index number was \$15,1203—a new absolute maximum. The rise during April was 3.7 per cent. On May 1, 1916, the number was 11,7485, and on May 1, 1915, 9,7978. The corresponding record in 1905 stood at 7,9700, or very close to that established in 1908. There has thus been an advance of almost 100 per cent in the past twelve years. Students of finance are abundantly justified, therefore, in their attempts to find the amount of depreciation that has occurred in the value of gold. The Bank of England still puts the ounce's value at a little above \$20.50, but it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts its governors and the world in general. Precisely what effect on economic, political, and social conditions further depreciation in the worth of gold may or will have, is a highly interesting subject for conjecture and discussion. While the fall is not a visible fact, it exerts a multiplicity of influences in all the nations of the earth.

In consequence of gold imports and completion of May disbursements, the New York money market indicates a little relaxation both in call and time loans. The respective maximum rates are 2½ and 4¾ per cent, against 4 and 5 per cent in the previous week. The position of the clearing-house banks and trust companies shows no change of importance. In the foreign exchange department, Russian bills continue to draw close attention. They are quoted at 28 cents at present, after a decline to 25½ some days since. The recovery of over two cents followed hard upon the announcement that the Washington government had granted a loan of \$100,000,000 to Petrograd. Helpful effects were produced also by more reassuring advices concerning the latest political events in the Russian Empire. The 5½ and 6½ per cent bonds of the Russian government fluctuated in startling ways for a few days. The former were quoted on a 15 per cent basis at one time; the latter, on a 20 per cent basis. British, French, and Italian drafts denote no material changes.

The prices for leading railroad, industrial and public utility bonds still display marked weakness. They are down to levels that would have been regarded

as utterly improbable a year ago. However, the average yet is somewhat above the low average touched in the second half of 1915. London reports a rising tendency in the prices of gilt-edged British securities, and regards it as the outcome of the re-investment of cash proceeds derived from the liquidation of American bonds and stocks.



Finance in St. Louis

The local market for investment paper shows a noteworthy degree of steadiness in all representative quarters. There are no symptoms of concentrated, heavy liquidation. All offerings are readily absorbed. They cause no important depreciation, if any at all, and it is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that there still is an uncommonly massy supply of investment funds in St. Louis and adjacent territory. That local institutional and private investors will subscribe in liberal fashion to the war loan is beyond question. The banks and trust companies surely are doing their bit in making the financial demonstration of patriotism historically memorable. Eulogistic words are fully justified also with respect to the efforts of industrial, mercantile, and railroad corporations to elicit the utmost maximum of subscriptions. Would-be purchasers should bear in mind that the present 3½ per cent bonds will be entitled to 4 or 4½ per cent in case the government should decide to fix a higher rate on the next war loan.

Quotations for bank stocks are maintained at or close to the notches prevalent a week ago. Boatmen's Bank is strikingly firm. In the past week, forty-five shares were transferred at 115. This figure denotes an advance of \$2. Of Bank of Commerce, nearly two hundred and fifty shares changed hands at prices ranging from 109.25 to 110. Holders of this stock should find encouragement in the fact that approximately five hundred shares have been transferred in the past two weeks within a range of only one point. Five shares of Mercantile Trust were taken at 359, against 360 in the previous week.

There were no particular favorites in the industrial department. Trading was of modest proportions, and not markedly diversified. One hundred and sixty shares of Wagner Electric brought 184.50 to 188. The last sale was made at the former figure, which implies a decline of five points. In view of the sensational advance in the quotation since the early part of 1916, this depreciation seems quite trivial. One hundred and sixty-five National Candy common brought 22.25 to 24; six of the second preferred, 89; five of the first preferred, 103.50; fifty Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred, 107.50; fifty International Shoe common, 99.12½, and sixteen Chicago Railway Equipment, 104.25 to 104.50. Nothing of real interest can be chronicled with regard to street railway securities. United Railways 4s are a little lower, the last sale having been made at 59. Some of the preferred stock brought 17.



Latest Quotations

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Mechanics-Am. National..	250	
Nat. Bank of Commerce....	108½	110

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do 2d.....	85	87
Union Sand and Material	79	80
International Shoe com.....	99	99½
Rice-Stix 1st.....	112½	
Granite-Bimetallic.....	52½	
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s.....	68	
National Candy com.....	24	24½
do 1st pfd.....	103½	
Chicago Ry. Equipment.....	104½	104½
Wagner Electric.....	190	195



Answers to Inquiries

MONEY, St. Louis.—International Shoe common is considered an investment stock. The 7 per cent dividend is amply earned. It would be absurd to attach sinister significance to the decline of five points in the quotation since last January. During the same period, numerous dividend-paying Wall street stocks have depreciated ten to twenty points. The quotations for all securities are feeling the effects of enormous borrowing for war purposes on both sides of the Atlantic. You would be justified in liquidating your International Shoe common at the present price level solely in case you are badly in need of the cash. If you are securely fixed, increase your holding in the event of additional depreciation. According to reliable advices, the thirty-odd shoe manufacturing companies in Germany are paying larger dividends to-day than they did before the break of the war.

H. W. D., Detroit, Mich.—The Chinese government railway 5s are not an

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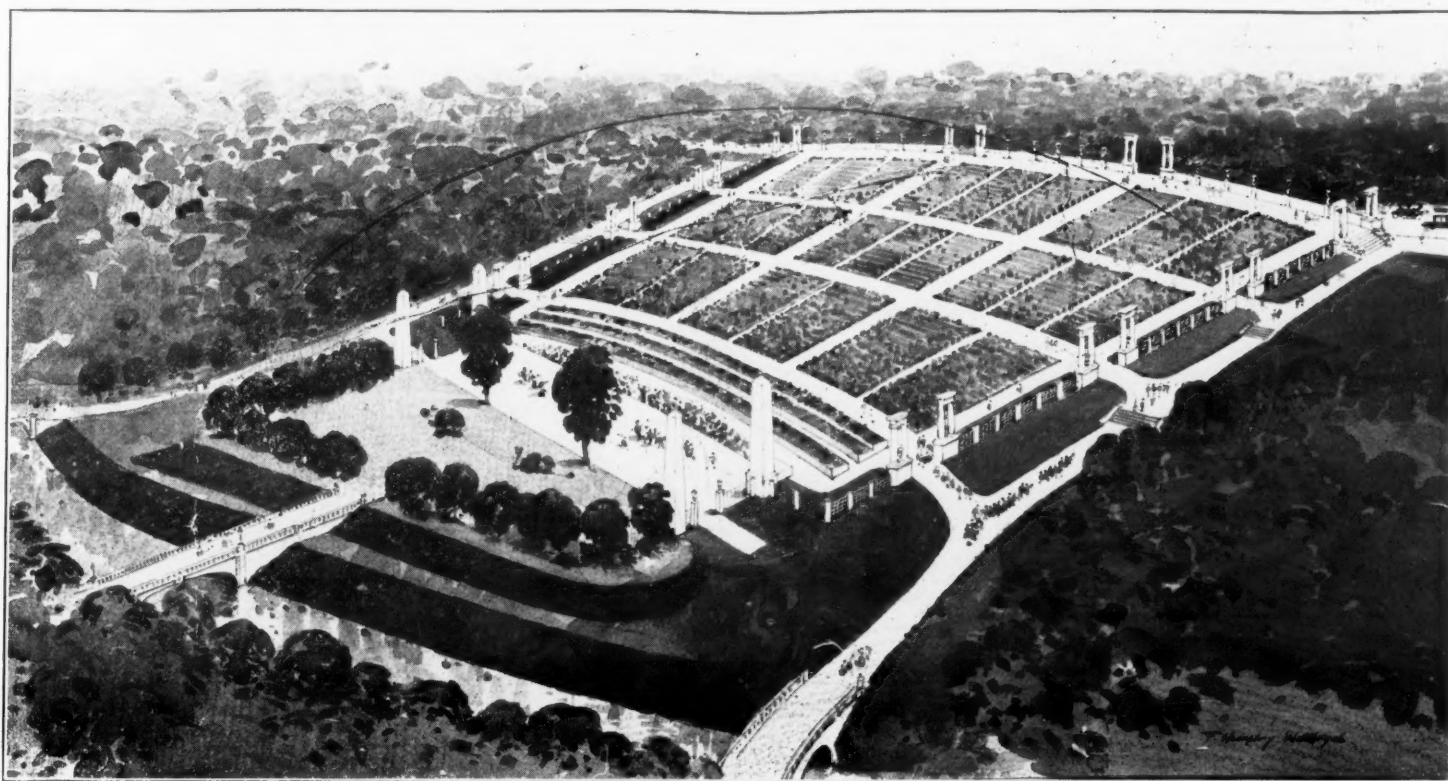
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especially desirable investment in existing circumstances, despite the eight-point decline in recent months. The political future of China is beclouded, and may remain so for years to come. Besides, it must gravely be questioned whether the financiers of America and Europe will be able, in the next five years, to invest as generously in China as they would like to, or as they had the intention of doing prior to the war. Their attention and resources will be concentrated on vastly more important business.

INVESTOR, Kirksville, Mo.—The Midvale Steel 5s are now quoted at 91½ to 92. It is conceivable that they might decline to 87 or 88 in the next six months. The main tendency in interest-drawing securities still is downward. You would not be likely to err greatly if you were to put in a buying order at 88. The company is in opulent condition and will remain so indefinitely. It pays \$6 per annum on its capital stock, the par value of which is only \$50.

HOLDER, Arkadelphia, Ark.—It is stated that the new stock certificates of



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the Missouri Pacific will be ready for delivery by and after June 1. The present quotation for the common is 28, which compared with 38½ on December 22 last. On May 9, sales were made at 23¾. It is not wholly improbable that the value might remount to the top level of 1916 before October 1. There are people in Wall street who would not be surprised if the stock were to be quoted at 60 a year hence. Latest estimates place the annual surplus, after all charges, at about \$12,000,000. Of this amount, \$3,837,581 would pay the full 5 per cent on the \$76,751,635 preferred; the balance would be available for payments on the \$82,839,585 common stock. So it may be maintained that the company should be in position to pay 4 or 5 per cent on the common in the second or third year after reorganization, now fast drawing to a close. Benjamin F. Bush has just been re-elected president. This is, in my opinion, another capital bull tip on M. P.—so hang on to your certificate, and buy another one if you can afford it.

B. J. McF., Manitowoc, Wis.—Brooklyn Rapid Transit is quoted at 58½ at the moment. This strongly hints at a cut in the 6 per cent dividend rate. Much of the recent selling must have been for inside account. Reassuring statements on the part of controlling officials need not be taken at face value. It is sufficiently plain that a 5 or 4 per cent rate would be more in accord with the company's financial status. Don't enlarge your holdings at present unless you are in agreeable circumstances.

New Books Received

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THE FRAGRANT NOTE BOOK by C. Arthur Coan. New York: Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Tales of the flowers in which are myths and legends, folklore and history, but nothing of horticulture. Decorated and illustrated by Frances C. Challenor Coan.

THE OLD WORLD THROUGH OLD EYES by Mary S. Ware. New York: Putnam's; \$2.00.

An account of a three years' sojourn in Oriental lands. There is very little of description of natural scenery and historic monuments; the author was interested chiefly in the results obtained in colonization and in the government of backward peoples by the American. English, French and Dutch. Handsomely illustrated.

ENCHANTMENT by E. Temple Thurston. New York: Appleton's; \$1.50.

A novel telling of the conflict between a man's intemperance and his love for his daughter.

FLAME AND THE SHADOW-EATER by Henrietta Weaver. New York: Holt & Co.; \$1.40.

The philosophy of India and Persia concentrated and distilled through fifteen short stories.

THE STORY OF A PULLMAN CAR by Joseph Husband. Chicago: McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

How a great American idea was conceived, developed and carried to its present efficiency. A very interesting book. Illustrated and indexed.

PARADISE AUCTION by Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small-Maynard; \$1.50.

A novel of four young people and their search for happiness.

A LIGHT OF PROVENCE by "J. S. of Dale." New York: Putnam's; \$1.25.

A dramatic poem dealing with the romantic days of old Provence, with the crusade against the Albigenes and the siege of Toulouse.

The Bomb that Bounced

Not long ago the *Youth's Companion* related the amazing part played by football during the battles on the Somme, when British troops actually kicked their ball before them across the battlefield to victory during a charge upon the German trenches. Now comes Mr. William Cooper Stevenson, in the *Outlook*, to show that not infantry alone has made the football field and the field of honor one; the field of the air must be considered also.

It seems, indeed, that the air service preceded the land service in employing a football against the enemy. At least a certain audacious aviator, whose biplane bore his nickname of Syd conspicuously painted on its wings that his antagonists might know with whom they had to deal, found a use for one as long ago as April, 1916.

The town of St. Quentin, held by the Germans, knew him well; it lay in his beat or district, and he flew over the place almost daily to observe what was going on and to upset as many plans as possible. The first of April was perfect flying weather, and the townsfolk—all of them that remained—and their conquerors were equally on the lookout. At last a speck appeared in the western sky, growing rapidly larger and larger. "C'est le bon Syd!" cried the French-

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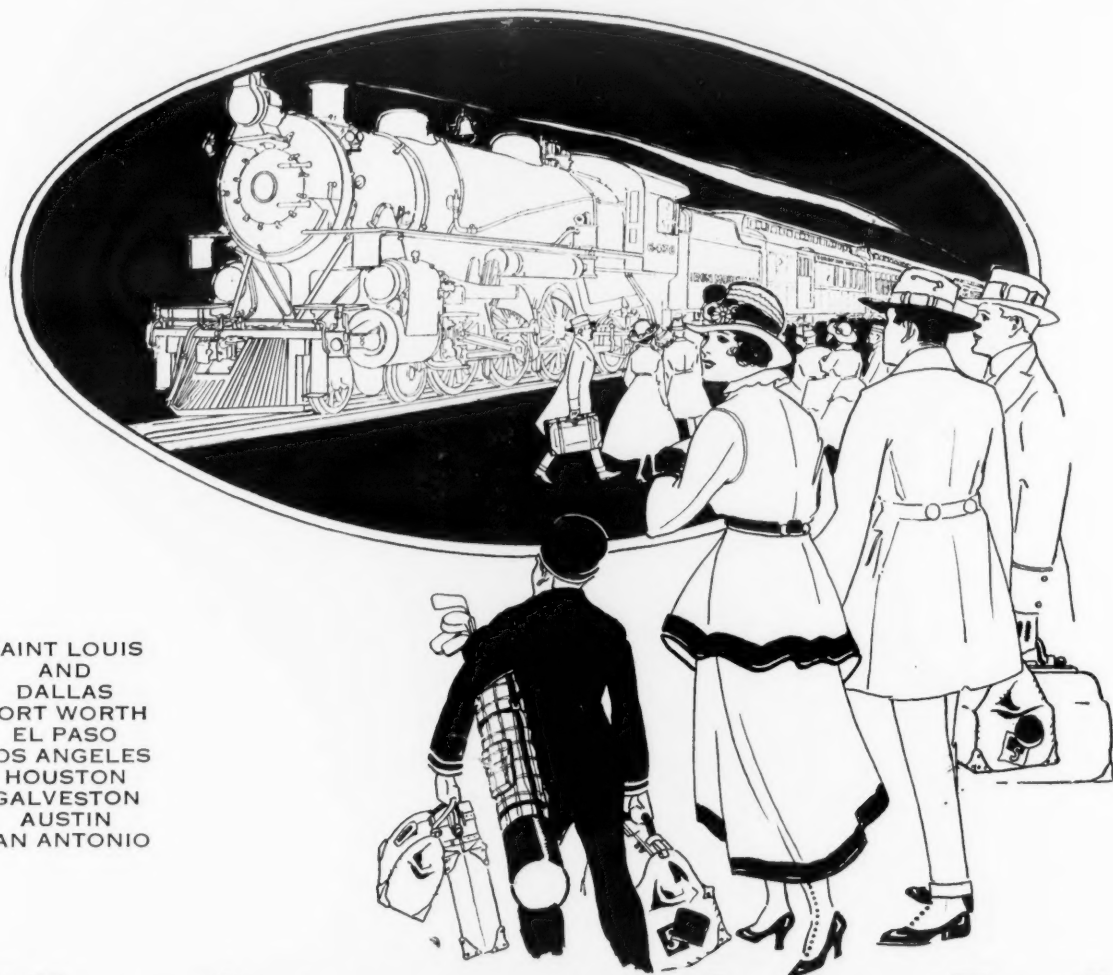
men. "Schweinhund!" growled the Germans, and "Good morning!" boomed the anti-aircraft guns, filling the sky with white puffs like halos. And on came the Englishman, casual and indifferent.

When directly over the *hôtel de ville* the visitor let fall a large, round object. There were frightened shrieks, "Attention!" "La bombe!" and hasty bolts indoors. But Germans and Frenchmen alike who were away from the danger zone watched it descend in hypnotized silence. It landed in the middle of the street. And then—*sapristi!*—it bounced!

Up higher than the roofs of the buildings it bounced; and then dropped to bounce again. The Germans, waiting to hear the awful crash that did not come, muttered, "Some more of that American ammunition!" and stuck out their heads—but only to spy the bouncing apparition and pull them in again with exclamations of fright. At last, however, the thing gave a final little bob and rolled peacefully into the ditch.

And then what shouts of laughter echoed through the streets of St. Quentin! The English airman had dropped a Rugby football. The saucy Syd, at the risk of his life, had successfully April-fooled the enemy.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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